

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D. D., LL. D.

DR. M'CLINTOCK was a native of Philadelphia, and was born on the 27th of October, 1814. He ended his life at Drew Theological Seminary on the 4th of March last, as these dates show, at the age of fifty-five. Arrangements are already making for the publication of a complete life of him; until that appears we ask the readers of the Ladies' Repository to be content with the following sketch, which, for substance, is the same with the memorial notice read before the Newark Conference, of which Dr. M'Clintock was a member at the time of his death.

The child of earnest and devout Christian parents, who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he consecrated himself to Christ early in life; and his whole career, so useful and so eminent, showed how complete that consecration was. Few have done so much in so brief a life. His remarkable intellectual powers disclosed themselves at a very early age, and in a most striking manner. When only seven years of age he was already considered an accomplished grammarian. The proof of this may be seen in a certificate prefixed to one of the early editions of Greenleaf's Grammar, signed by Dr. Wylie, afterward Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Pennsylvania, in which Greenleaf's method is commended, and young M'Clintock is mentioned as the person upon whom the Doctor had seen it tried with such striking success. This singular precocity was the beginning of a life of continuous culture and labor. To the last the tact, skill, and delicacy of the boy were exemplified in the man. He felt that his mission was to work for the Church, and thus for God and for men; and while he worked with out-

ward tendencies, and to influence the world, there went on at the same time another movement of self-culture. These two directions have rarely been better combined in one man than in John M'Clintock.

While a boy, engaged as book-keeper in the Methodist Book-Room in New York, he made a distinct profession of conversion, and in his occupation as clerk secured the means of passing through college. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, taking one of the honors of his class, and in 1835 joined the Philadelphia Annual Conference, and was stationed at Jersey City. During this year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, where he served thirteen years, the latter part of the time filling the chair of Greek and Latin, and showing himself equally at home here and in his former place. From the time of the division of the Philadelphia Conference he was a member of the New Jersey Conference, and for a few years was its Secretary.

In 1848 he resigned his position in the College to accept the editorship of the Methodist Quarterly Review—a position for which he had singular qualifications. In this place he wrought eight years, during which time he placed the Review in the front-rank of American quarterlies. A large part of his success lay in the breadth of view and in the generous Christian catholicity with which he selected his contributors. He entered the most difficult fields of thought, whether of philosophy or theology, with the utmost boldness, but saw to the safety of truth with a caution and a certainty with which few could explore such dangerous regions. Indeed, Dr. M'Clintock had for the great truths of ecclesiastical orthodoxy an earnest and devoted love; they were a part of his very life; he had tasted them, and was certain

of their verity; nor was he afraid to see them in conflict with any form of error. This indeed was a large part of the steady movement of his whole course of life.

From the Quarterly he passed to the regular work of the ministry, and in 1857 was stationed at St. Paul's, New York, where his ministry met with great favor. He was indeed successful in a high degree, and the people of his flock loved him as much, perhaps, as any people ought to love their pastor. This was partly owing to his preaching, and partly to his character as a man and a Christian. He could deliver his whole message and yet not offend; he could be gentle without dulling the edge of truth. His eloquence was of the gentler sort. A son of consolation, he impressed by beauty and simplicity more than by force; or rather his force was the force of cogency and persuasion more than that of fire and energy. From St. Paul's, in 1860, he went to Paris as the pastor of the "American Chapel" in that city. Besides his pastoral duties, which met with the favor usually following his ministry, he worked nobly and successfully for his country.

From 1861 to 1864, during the war of the rebellion, he was tireless in his efforts to awaken sympathy for the cause of the Union. In Paris his house was a center at which the friends of the Union were wont to gather for consultation. His reputation and address, together with a sort of natural diplomacy, gave him access to almost all descriptions of people. In England he met many of the chief friends of human liberty and of our cause, and both quickened and directed their sympathies so as to make them tell favorably upon the public life. Some of the Americans abroad at that time may have been more demonstrative in their patriotism than Dr. M'Clintock, but it may well be doubted whether any did so much to make the relations of the war to the welfare of humanity understood, or to awaken for it popular enthusiasm. And then, too, he supplemented his labors abroad by his contributions for the religious press at home, from which people of our Church gathered both information and inspiration. In 1864 Doctor M'Clintock returned to his native country, and for another year was stationed at St. Paul's, which place ill health compelled him to abandon. His next field of labor was "Drew Theological Seminary," from which he has just gone to his heavenly rest. This school, founded by the liberality of Daniel Drew, Esq., he organized and successfully conducted up to the time of his death, which most mournful event has left not only his family, but the students and faculty of the Seminary as well, almost

disconsolate. Here, as had been so eminently the case at Dickinson, the institution felt the inspiration of his quick but calm intellect. His bare name was a tower of strength, and his loss is irreparable to the Seminary, as it is to the whole Church of God. His sickness, in one sense, was brief, but in another of great duration. For twenty years, while he worked day and night with unabated ardor, he was struggling with illness. During all this time his recreation and his rest were only changes of labor.

Not long ago he remarked that he had not seen a well day for a score of years. The sickness, however, which proved fatal, was a brief one—of only about ten days. For several days before he died he was unconscious, and his last words about his future prospects were that, whatever might be the event of his sickness, it would be all right! all right! all right! This was said to Dr. Foster.

As we look back upon the career of our brother we see in it one spot of rare interest, of which but little is known by the Church generally. We refer to his trial before the criminal court of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for the alleged offense of inciting a riot to promote the escape of a fugitive slave. We can not enter fully into this most interesting story—at once a story of persecution, of patient endurance, of favoring providences.

Suffice it to say that Dr. M'Clintock both meant to be a good citizen and to aid the poor fugitive, and that through all the days of that painful trial he was never heard to utter an angry or impatient word. He no doubt felt, and that deeply, the effort to injure him, and though he shut up the wound in a generous and forgiving heart, yet the shock which it gave to his nervous system followed him to the last. In a brief sketch such as this it is impossible fittingly to characterize such a man as Dr. M'Clintock. As a scholar, he was doubtless the first man in Methodism, either in England or America. He was at once broad and exact; it was not his custom to engage in minute disputes; his arguments were for the most part statements so concatenated as to need no elaboration. Indeed, so vast was his knowledge, and so quick and easy his perception of relations, that his mind was impatient of logical processes. He leaped to his conclusions while his interlocutor was working his way to the point in question. The breadth of his culture was a constant temptation to scatter his energies over a wide field; and, although he wrought successfully as an author in the earlier part of his life, yet it was only in the Cyclopædia of

Theology and Church History that his mind found the manifoldness which its versatility demanded. The whole sphere of theology lay before him, and great diversities of labor gave him rest. This noble work will be an honor to him, as well as to Methodism, in generations to come.

Dr. M'Clintock's personal Christian character was remarkable for its roundness and for its completeness. In whatever he did he never forgot the Church. His relations to life were multifarious; he came in contact with every public interest; he read all sorts of papers and periodicals as well as books; but in all he was the Christian and Christian minister. He criticised and judged every thing from the Christian point of view. This remarkable breadth showed itself in other forms. For example, he multiplied friendships indefinitely. Not that he aimed to do so, but his very nature did it; the geniality of his spirit, and his freedom from prejudice, were ever open doors; nay, they were inner magnets, both to draw and to hold; and as many friends as he made during life he never seemed to grow cold to one of them—once his, they were his to the end. This quality, too, fitted him in a rare degree to be a mediator between hostile parties. No man lives, perhaps, in the whole Methodist Church, who so completely possesses the confidence of all parties as did John M'Clintock at the time of his death. He might be imposed upon, but his charity and justice never forsook him. He gave all men credit for honest intentions, but made even his whispers such that, if need be, they might be proclaimed upon the house-top. His mastery of his passions seemed absolute; his tempers were chastened to the last degree. Patience had literally its perfect work, and his charity persistently refused to think any evil, even when a vast array of evidence seemed to make a merciful verdict impossible. On the subject of his own Christian experience he said but little—of religion in general a great deal; but his life grandly declared what he declined to speak: it was a beautiful, living, acting, polished reproduction of Christianity, as it were—a poem full of labor and pain in the writing, but also full of sweetest music to the memory.

Do something. Try faith. Test thy conversion. Do not merely wish, and weep, and talk, and try to feel, as if you could draw water from a dry well by heavier exercise at the bucket! Go straight to Christ's service, on his side, and as thy day, so shall thy strength be.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT AND MADAME DIEDE.

ON the 16th of July, 1846, a lonely old woman died in a wretched house in the Wilhelmshöhe Alley at Cassel, Germany. She was seventy-five years old, and had gained her subsistence by her own hands, at work, indeed, which was only suitable for young persons of her sex. Her aged and trembling fingers had also made delicate artificial flowers, and from the workshop of this lonely, sorrowing old woman went out the elegant floral ornamentation which laughing youth carried into the gay society of the city. How many tears, how many sighs of recollection may have accompanied this toilsome labor! For the poor creature who was compelled to plait bouquets and wreaths for her daily bread had once been a young girl of perhaps even greater beauty than the wearers of her work; she had also been happy, though but for a brief period. She was a clergyman's daughter, once sweeter and more amiable than many of those who had been praised in fiction and song by the poets of the period of her youth. Through the Vicar of Wakefield, Voss's *Idyl of Louisa*, and even Burger's Pastor of Taubenheim, the minister's daughters had received a poetic nimbus which also charmed Goethe in his *Frederica of Sesenheim*.

The name of the poor old bouquet woman was Charlotte Hildebrand. Her father had been a Hanoverian clergyman in good circumstances, and she had received a careful training and an almost scholarly education. With her nineteenth year she became enthusiastic for "the true, the good, and the beautiful;" read philosophical writings, composed poetry, and longed for some ideal friendship. Her home was in a lovely part of the mountains bordering along the Weser, and the romantic ravines, the green meadows, the towering oaks, and the thatched peasant houses were the familiar, picturesque objects she saw on her excursions. She often wandered to the little hunting seat of Baum, belonging to the Baron of Buckeburg, which was as isolated as a falcon in the green wilderness. Here Herder had lived, the favorite of the general and philosopher William von Schaumburg Lippe, and the friend of his amiable lady—a princely pair whom the old Mendelssohn honored and has described in his writings. A monument was erected over the united graves of this couple, who were bound together in such a happy marriage during life, and this was a place of pilgrimage in those times for prominent poetical and enthusiastic natures.

The minister's lovely daughter, too, fed her youthful imagination with dreams of an ideal marriage, but had not the least presentiment that they would never be realized. The memories connected with the hunting castle of Baum, near Buckeburg, proved to be the pleasantest pictures of her lonely old age. Other beautiful parts of the mountains fringing the Weser were also visited by the young girl, when she was accompanied by her parents, who, in accordance with the custom of the times, paid an annual visit to some of the watering places. It was thus that Charlotte Hildebrand became acquainted with the neighboring Rehburg, with its incomparable fir-forests and meadows; with the lovely Eilsen, which, in the deep ravine, with its red-tile roofs, looked like the outside of a fresh apple amid green leaves; and, finally, with Pymont, then the most fashionable watering place.

Under the linden archway of the Pymont Avenue she once sat with her father upon a bench near the cool fountain, when a youth approached and seated himself beside them. He had a threadbare coat, but gave evidence of good manners; he was homely, but he had an intellectual look. People easily became acquainted with one another in those days at the watering places; they were not so distrustful of each other as they are now, and in a few minutes the beautiful young girl had led her neighbor into a deeply philosophical conversation. She listened to his words as if they came from a better and previously undreamed-of world, and he was pleased with the lovely being who could listen so intelligently and speak so suggestively. The clergyman, who was likewise charmed by the youth, whom he took for a student from Göttingen, invited him to dinner, and they all entered the dining-hall together. It was there discovered that the enthusiastic speaker was in reality a Göttingen student, but a very eminent one, none other than William von Humboldt, of Berlin, the brother of Alexander von Humboldt.

It is well known that at that time, and later, William von Humboldt possessed a very plain-looking exterior; in his best coat he still looked like a tailor—gray, small, and thin; and how must he have appeared in his dusty and worn traveling suit? But his young friend had quickly recognized his mental beauty, and even after the lapse of half a century spoke of the clear repose of his nature, and of the salutary effect of his entertaining conversation, of her deep and ineffaceable impressions, and of the sacred emotions that he had awakened in her.

During three happy days of a free, unem-

ployed life at a watering place, the young girl was frequently thrown into Humboldt's society, and when he took his departure he wrote, according to the custom then prevalent, a pathetic sentence in her album, but did not utter a word expressive of the real feelings of his heart. She herself felt infinitely enriched, mentally, by his conversation, yet she was too modest, too true and feminine, to cherish a hope of a nearer relation with the prominent and intellectually important youth, in whom she already recognized the future celebrity.

This meeting took place on the 16th of June, 1788. Humboldt had expressed his intention of visiting the parsonage in the following Autumn; but he never came, having remained longer than he had expected with Jacobi in Pempelfort, which was then the gathering place of many of the great intellects of the day. How longingly the young girl waited, and, from the small parsonage garden overgrown with rose-trees and shrubs, looked out for Humboldt's visit! She has described somewhere her parental home, and its exquisite situation amid the beauties of nature; a little brook rippled close by the garden hedge, and a shaky stile led into a meadow surrounded by bushes. It was here that the young girl loved to direct her steps when she wished to be alone with her dreams. The Autumn mist would undulate like a veil in the moonlight, and call up Ossianic pictures before the eyes of the dreamer. In the quiet of her own chamber she would read her treasured album leaf:

"A sense for the true, the good, and the beautiful, ennobles the soul and makes the heart happy; but what is even this feeling without a sympathetic soul with whom we can share it?"

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT.

"Pymont, 1788."

But the "sympathetic soul" never came! Instead of that there came a Doctor Diede, and sued urgently for Charlotte Hildebrand's hand. She would fain have given him a refusal, but her parents found no fault with him, and desired, nay, almost commanded, that she should accept him. In earlier days in Germany, and even now, it was the fashion to marry off the daughters very early; and every German mother considered it a reproach when her daughters remained too long on her hands. How many girlish dreams have thus been dissipated, and how much of human happiness has been destroyed by unwise parental influence in matters of marriage!

Charlotte Hildebrand entered into the union without any inclination on her part; and when

scarcely twenty years of age she removed to Cassel with her husband, and henceforward lived as Madame Diede. The marriage proved an unfortunate one, and after five years they were divorced. She herself narrates this event with sadness: "I was married in the Spring of 1789, lived but five years in this childless union, and never married again." Three years after her own marriage, in 1792, William von Humboldt married a rich heiress, Miss von Dachsöden, who, though of large stature, charmed many men by her intellectual acquirements. The marriage was perfectly happy and harmonious. They had three sons and three daughters. William von Humboldt always spoke of her in terms of the highest esteem and love, and his testimony suffices to refute the slanders now whispered and now outspoken which have been made against her.

By her divorce Madame Diede lost her secure position as wife; and in the troublous years under the Napoleonic supremacy she lost her whole fortune. She then lived some time in Brunswick, where the good-hearted Duke promised her compensation for her losses; but he fell at Waterloo, and could not fulfill his good intentions. Totally without means of support, no longer young, sickly and forsaken, Madame Diede was nearly driven to despair, and did not see the slightest prospect of securing aid. One day she read in the newspapers an article eulogizing William von Humboldt, who was then engaged as plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia at the Congress of Vienna. The precious recollection of the three happy days in Pymont gave her courage, in her great need, to apply to the now celebrated and powerful man. She began, with many misgivings and tears, the following letter:

"Not to your Excellency, not to the Royal Prussian Minister—no, I write to the still unforgotten and unforgettable friend of my youth, whose image I have cherished in my mind for many, many years; who never heard again from the young girl whom he once met, with whom he spent three happy days, the memory of which still elevates me and makes me happy. The name upon which the world looks with such great expectations, the position in which you, through your intellectual capacity, have been placed, made it not difficult for me to hear of you frequently, and to accompany you with my thoughts. I have preserved the dear little album-leaf more carefully than any of the little holy relics of youth, as the only pledge and seal of the purest, and, at the same time, the only joy of life which fate awarded me. This leaf, which I beg of you to return, will call up to

your Excellency an acquaintance which the great pictures and events of your life will long ago have erased. In feminine natures such impressions are deeper and less mutable than they can ever be with others, the more so when they—what scruples could withhold me, after twenty-six years, from giving you this proof of veneration?—were the first unrecognized emotions of awakening intellectual love. For the feminine youth and the development of her character, the object to which the earliest feelings are attached is of the highest importance. Feelings change with time, but the cherished image once deeply engraved within us never fades away. On this loved image, which appeared my ideal of manliness and greatness, I rested. Here I reposed when I was well-nigh sinking under the weight of my hard life; here my courage rose when my faith in humanity was shaken. Believe me, ever-dear friend, I have ripened amid great tribulation—not dishonored, nor profaned by unworthy feelings."

Thus did the poor soul admit the veneration and love which had made her once happy in beautiful Pymont, and which she had concealed for a quarter of a century.

The Prussian Minister replied to her letter on the same day upon which he received it. He was deeply touched and surprised by this recollection of youth, and a certain regret might have passed for a moment through his soul, that the once lovely creature had withered unknown and unthought of by him. He felt at the same time the duty of aiding the unfortunate being who trusted in him so implicitly. He wrote to her a letter full of most heart-felt sympathy and the noblest delicacy; he persuaded her to rely solely on his care; and really compelled her to accept a sum of money to alleviate her most pressing necessity. Her pride, however, allowed her this only so long as her sickness continued. At Humboldt's express wish she went to Gottingen, having been previously in Cassel. She followed his advice to take care of her own health, but when she recovered her strength she removed back to Cassel, and began her toilsome labor in making bouquets and wreaths. It was only when Humboldt pleaded urgently, that she concluded to accept a small pension from him, which, being paid regularly, greatly assisted her in obtaining her daily bread. But there was another gift of her friend Humboldt which furnished her real comfort and imperishable food for her mind—the letters which he wrote to her uninterruptedly during a period of twenty years, and which have since become the property of the educated world, and serve as a book of consolation for all isolated ones.

Who does not know William von Humboldt's Letters to a Female Friend? The aged Minister wrote with the noblest tenderness of feeling and affecting gallantry, comforting her, yea, more than that, giving her joy, for he incited her to intellectual activity, communicating to her all that came within the scope of his own writing and observation.

The negative spirit of the times has often tried to ridicule the noble letter-writer on account of his giving himself up to a poor old woman. The motive is easily explained, when we remember that nothing attaches a man so firmly to another as the consciousness of making a soul happy. This consciousness Humboldt could have, in the fullest measure, in regard to his old friend; his intellectual connection with her constituted the only ray of light of her otherwise dark life.

Humboldt saw his old friend twice again in life; the two aged hearts enjoyed in sadness together the faded recollections of their youth; and after this their correspondence was even of a more intimate character than before. Nobody ever thought that the celebrated Humboldt had ever sought out the lonely, miserable dwelling of the poor, forgotten, and once despised Madame Diede; and even the few friends which she possessed in Cassel never heard about the occurrence. She retained the treasured correspondence just as sacredly; and it was not till after Humboldt died that she made it known, believing it to be her duty then to give the rich intellectual treasure for the benefit of her fellow-men and posterity, and not selfishly to keep it all to herself. She entered with zeal into the publishing of Humboldt's letters, first overlooking them, almost too anxiously, for fear that a possible indiscretion in judgment should escape. A young literary person of that period, Theresa von Bacharach, assisted her in this work, and received the letters as a kind of present in return for support she had earlier given to the poor old creature.

Theresa von Bacharach had become acquainted with Madame Diede as teacher, and had become enthusiastic for the intellectual and uncomplaining sufferer, who, in her joy at her young admirer, sent Humboldt a very flattering description of her. Madame Diede lived more than ten years longer than her friend and benefactor, but she had afterward the needed comfort in her old age of receiving from Alexander von Humboldt the pension secured to her by his brother William, and which was punctually paid to the day of her death. Few literary friendships have had so romantic a beginning, so faithful a continuance, and so happy a close.

UNDER THE RAIN-DROPS.

DRIP, drip, pour, pour, patter, patter, splash, splash! the same old sounds again; the drip, drip of the eaves upon the edge of the porch; the slender yet constant pouring of the stream of water as it flowed into the cistern; the patter, patter of the incessant rain-drops upon the roof of the wood-shed; the steady splash, splash as each successive drop swelled the already extensive pools and puddles that had been formed in the soft soil of the garden paths! It was trying; two days already since those remorseless drops had commenced their patter; two days, and this the morning of the third brings with it still the same dismal prospect.

Thoughts something like these flitted through the brain of Mrs. Mason as she opened her eyes on that dismal Tuesday morning, and it was not strange that she gave vent to them by a prolonged sigh and an impatient ejaculation.

"No clothes-drying to-day," she said aloud, sitting up in bed and gazing drearily out the window. "There they hang on the line, switching, switching, all awry and dripping, until, indeed, they appear to me as forlorn as the tattered sails of a wrecked and stranded ship. What in the world shall I do with them? O, if it only would clear off! and, worse than all, I am engaged to Mrs. Bersole to tea this very afternoon; it is so long since I have been there, and so seldom that I feel at liberty to go, that it does seem hard to have it rain so constantly on this day of all others."

Gloomily and slowly Mrs. Mason performed her simple toilet, and then going to the window looked out, pressing her face close against the pane that she might catch a sight of the only little patch of western sky that could be seen from that window; but the sight gave her no encouragement; nothing but the cold, gray, unchanging sky, looking hard and chilling as some rocky substance; not even a filmy, dun-colored cloud scudding across the heavens—no evidence of any thing like "breaking away;" all dull, and still, and fixed, as though the sky had hidden forever its melting blue, its fleecy, snowy clouds, its banks of pearl, its chains of shifting, varying beauty.

"There is no charm about the sky this morning," said Mrs. Mason aloud. "It is like my life now, the same, the same; every-where monotony. Mrs. Loring said the other day to me that the sky was her dearest friend, always teaching her some sweet lesson, always wrapped in a garment of loveliness. I wish I could see her this morning. I am sure even her beauty-

discerning eyes could discover none in yonder unpyting sky."

She turned away from the window, and soon, with the help of her faithful though often blundering "maid-of-all-work," the family breakfast was smoking upon the table. The meal was a silent one, for the gloomy atmosphere that hung like a mantle over Nature's form, seemed also to have rustled its spirits even over the spirits of the usually joyous children. Little was eaten and much less said, and ere many minutes had passed Mr. Mason, beneath the shelter of his ample umbrella, left the gloomy room for the gloomier street and the still gloomier office.

The morning wore away, the dishes were washed, the beds made, the sweeping mastered, the pies baked, and sent forth their delicious odors as they stood cooling on the pantry shelves, yet neither busy action nor a cessation of work had dispelled Mrs. Mason's unhappy mood.

She was standing by the window, gazing moodily at the week's washing, and inwardly sighing regretfully over its disarranged and forlorn appearance. "Every garment will have to be rinsed over," she was saying to herself, when she heard a knock at the street door.

"Why, who can that be?" she said aloud. "I should not think any one would be out in this rain if they could find a roof beneath which to shelter themselves. Ellen, do hasten to the door."

A moment after the sitting-room door opened, revealing the bright face of Mrs. Loring.

"Good morning; is n't this weather a curiosity for June?" and she rippled out a silvery, joyous laugh.

"Dear me, Mrs. Loring, I am so glad to see you here; sit by the fire; let me take your wraps; well, I should think this weather is a curiosity, but I am in no great anxiety to have it become any less so."

Again came that silvery laugh.

"O, but I am enjoying it exceedingly. I expected you would be having a fit of the terribles, so I came over to spend the day, and frighten them away by my fearful presence."

"Say, rather, to charm them away; but indeed you are brave, and I can not help wondering how you have passed through such a storm without even so much as an odor of dampness about you."

"O, my skirts are short, my boots substantial, my umbrella thick and large, and, therefore, the rain could not affect me."

"I almost believe you could pass through the storm unprotected without getting a wetting, for you are so full of sunshine that you

would scatter the rain-drops as they came near you."

Again Mrs. Loring laughed merrily: "What a funny idea; but I have one just as bright: as I did not need any of the superfluous sunshine, which you seem to think I possess, to drive away rain-drops, I will pour it out now upon you, for, indeed, your face makes me think of a funeral procession."

"Well, indeed, Mrs. Loring, how can I help it? Only look out of the window at those drenched clothes; some of them, too, have blown down in the tall grass, and of course they will all need rinsing over again; and, worse than all, no sign of blue sky yet. When will our ironing be done?"

"Well, Mrs. Mason, my clothes are in a worse plight than yours; in consequence of James not pinning them tightly to the line they all blew down last night, not upon the sweet, clean grass, mark you, but upon the ground; and now nothing remains for us but to wash them all over, as well as rinse them; yet why should such slight mishaps as these cast a gloomy hue over our souls? O, indeed, Mrs. Mason, life is too short to be spent in idle mourning over such grievances. I thought this morning, when I saw my poor clothes, that were last night as spotless as lilies, lying prone and soiled, and dragged in the sand, that they were like some people who, fretting and chafing beneath the duties and tasks that bind them to one unchanging position, strive and struggle to be free, and in gaining that freedom lose—O every thing—peace, purity, happiness. How much better to wait, to keep faithfully at the labor given us, until the sun of God's smile, the breezes of life's lessons, have absorbed from our souls the damp unhealthy tempers that marred their fair proportions! Then, when God sees fit, when our spirits have begun to learn the beauty that he would have us wear, we shall find in his heavenly mansions that rest for which we have so long fondly yearned."

Mrs. Mason was silent; the tired, fretted expression left her face, and a look of peace and subdued joy stole across eyes, cheek, and lip. At length she said, turning her eyes toward the window:

"You have said that you can always find some beauty in the sky. Is there any there? If so, show me how to discover it. I only see the cold gray color that chills me as I gaze."

"But where else, my dear Mrs. Mason, have you seen so delicate a gray, so *nameless* a color; it is not a gray, nor a dun, nor yet lead-color, but a combination of all three."

"To me," said Mrs. Mason, "it seems as if

a huge rock had been smoothed and leveled off, and inverted over the globe."

"Ah! no, say rather it is like a silken canopy of gray, which our Father has graciously spread out to screen from our earth-weakened eyes the glories of those heavenly realms. I love to look at it, even unchanging and void of beauty though you call it. To me it teaches sweet lessons, for I know that even beyond it the sun is shining still, even beyond it God's angels sing; and thus, even when the trials, the crosses, the perplexities of life threaten to shroud our souls in gloom, we know that God's love and God's care is over us all the while; and even though the days bring no change, no relaxation, what matters it? If we but learn bravely 'to do our duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us,' a sweet sense of peace will fill our souls, a subdued rejoicing, which will one day swell into that glorious song which we shall sing before the throne of the great I Am."

COFFEE, ITS HISTORY AND USES.

A FRENCH gastronomic writer of 1810 has left us a eulogy on coffee, which only a real lover of the berry could have penned. "It is," he writes, "a beverage eminently agreeable, inspiring, and wholesome; it is at once a stimulant, a cephalic, a febrifuge, a digestive, and an anti-soporific; it chases away sleep, which is the enemy of labor; it invokes the imagination, without which there can be no happy inspirations; it expels the gout, that enemy of pleasure, although to pleasure gout owes its birth; it facilitates digestion, without which there can be no true happiness; it disposes to gayety, without which there is neither pleasure nor enjoyment; it gives wit to those who already have it, and it even provides wit—for some hours at least—to those who usually have it not. Thank Heaven for coffee! for see how many blessings are concentrated in the infusion of a small berry! What other beverage in the world can we compare to it? Coffee at once a pleasure and a medicine—coffee which nourishes at the same moment the mind, body, and imagination! Hail to thee, inspirer of men of letters, best digestive of the gourmand—nectar of all men!"

When wondering what Frenchmen did before coffee was introduced, we must remember that tea in England, and coffee in France, only superseded long-established and long-venerated herb drinks and pisanes, also in their way refreshing, restoring, and anti-narcotic—just as tobacco only superseded, by its superior

potency and excellence, herbs long before smoked, or taken as snuff, in Europe.

The old Arabian legend of coffee runs thus. Some centuries before the Norman Conquest a certain Arab shepherd watching his sheep on one of the green hills near Mocha, a port on the Red Sea near the heights of Babelmandeb, which slope down toward the yellow desert, being wakeful for fear of the lions, observed that those of his sheep that fed on the shiny leaves and brown split berries of a certain bush, also remained all night wakeful, lively, and alert. The shepherd, watching again and again, and always observing the same effect, steeped some of the berries in water, and found they had the same effect upon him. Gradually—the laws of patents being then rather unsettled—the secret spread into the desert, and the new drink, cavy or cavey, became popular in the black tents of the wandering Ishmaelites.

In time, much as tea had been first used to drive away wicked sleep from the eyes of Chinese hermits, coffee became used by the holy men of Arabia and Egypt. There also arose a very hot and disagreeable controversy in the mosques, whether coffee came under the ban pronounced by Mohammed against certain liquors, especially wine. The Cairo Mullahs fell a wrangling about this point of doctrine; and on one occasion, after an anti-coffee sermon, the pro-coffeeites and the anti-coffeeites fell to blows, turbans were knocked off, teeth were violently extracted, central tufts of hair were ruthlessly torn away, and many severe kicks and blows with turned up slippers were administered to the less active of the followers of the true prophet. But eventually the fanatical haters of the infusion of the Mocha berry died out, or were bought over by sacks of the sinful fruit, and the East gave in, with one voice, its allegiance to the new beverage.

But many antiquaries contend, and apparently justly, that coffee—first generally used in Persia—was not in great repute in Arabia until the reign of Henry the Sixth. Thence it passed to Egypt and Syria, and in 1511 to Constantinople, where public coffee-houses were first opened in 1554—reign of Mary. Lord Bacon, whose learning was so varied that he seemed to be "not one but all mankind's epitome," mentions coffee in his *Sylva Sylvarum* as a Turkish drink, black as soot, and of a strong scent, to be taken when beaten into powder, in very hot water. The Turks, he says, drink it in their coffee-houses, which resemble our taverns. Burton also mentions it later, in King James's reign; and no doubt Levant travelers had then begun to talk and write about coffee

as a pleasant and refreshing beverage after food or after fatigue. In 1641 a young Cretan gentleman entered himself as student at Balliol College, Oxford, and introduced the new Turkish drink among his begowned colleagues.

In 1650, the year after Oliver became Protector, and grew more powerful than any crowned king then in Europe, one Jacobs, a Jew, opened a coffee shop at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxford. Two years later Pasqua Rosee, a Dalmatian, from Ragusa on the Adriatic, coachman to Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant who had brought him from Smyrna, opened a coffee-house—the first in England—by his master's wish, in St. Michael's alley, Cornhill. Pasqua Rosee's first hand-bill, headed "The Virtue of the Coffee Drink," claims for the new beverage—drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seigneur's dominions—all the virtues of a quack panacea; it corrected crudities—this was the medical jargon of the day; the hand-bill was, no doubt, written for Rosee by some half-starved apothecary—"it dried the system without heating or inflaming it; it fortified the inward heat and helped digestion; it quickened the spirits and made the heart lightsome; its steam was good for sore eyes; it suppressed inward fumes, therefore cured headaches, and dispersed defluxions and rheums that distilled upon the lungs. It dried up dropsy, gout, and scurvy, it was beneficial to people in years and children with the king's evil. It was a great remedy against the spleen and hypochondriac winds. It prevented drowsiness and made one fit for business. It was neither laxative nor astringent, and it made the skin clear and white." Such were the bold assertions of Pasqua Rosee, the Ragusan coachman.

The vintners and tavern-keepers, and the men about town, who liked their fiery Canary and their strong French wines, were very angry at the new beverage. And the wits launched their pen-darts at Rosee hotly and sharply.

The Grub-street poet wrote some rough-hammered verses, which began:

"A coachman was the first (here) coffee made,
And ever since the rest drive on the trade.
'Me no good Engalash,' and sure enough,
He played the quack to save his poison stuff.
'Ver boone for de stomach, de cough, de pthisic,'
And I believe him, for it looks like phisic.
Coffee, a crust is charred into a coal,
The smell and taste of the mock china bowl,
Where huff and puff they labor out their lungs,
Lest, Dives like, they should bewail their tongues.
And yet they tell you that it will not burn,
Though, on the skin, the blisters do return,
Whose furious heat does make the water rise
And still through the alembics of your eyes.

And now, alas! the French have credit got,
And he's no gentleman that drinks it not."

There can be no doubt that there was at first a good deal of quackery and nonsense talked about coffee, and that what with the absurd injunctions to drink it scalding hot, and the ridiculous practice of holding the head in the steam to benefit weak eyes, the satirist and cynic must have had fair scope for their bitterness and sourness in the Cornhill coffee-house, over whose door hung a representation of the brown visage of Pasqua Rosee.

A penny at the bar, and twopence a cup—newspapers and lights included—were the early coffee-house charges. Some old rules in verse for a coffee-house wall are still preserved. They enjoin a fine of twelpence for swearing, and a forfeit of a dish of coffee all round for beginning a quarrel or for toasting a friend in coffee. No wagers were allowed to exceed five shillings.

The second coffee-house, according to authority, was the Rainbow, by the Inner Temple gate, kept by James Farr, a barber. His neighbors grew jealous, and in 1657 he was "presented" as a nuisance for having annoyed his neighbors by the smell of scorched coffee, and having set his chimney and chamber on fire, to the "general danger and affrightment." In 1660 the returned cavaliers were severe on the rival of wine, and a duty of fourpence was levied on every gallon sold. An act of 1663 directed all coffee-houses to be licensed; in 1675 there was a short-lived proclamation closing the coffee-houses as seminaries of sedition.

The enemies of the new Turkish drink accused it of the most horrible and baneful results. The old men lamented Ben Jonson's times, when men were men, and tossed off Canary. A lampooner of 1663 writes bitterly:

"These less than coffee's self, these coffee men,
The sons of nothing that can hardly make
Their broth for laughing how the jest does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion—not yet understood,
Sirup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals or the book of news!"

What moral lessons to the Chinese these struggles of new customs are! Were nectar introduced to-morrow to supersede tea, the same old story would be repeated.

Coffee was not introduced into France until twelve years after its first use in England. In 1662 Thevenot, the Asiatic traveler, brought it to Paris, then heedless of its good fortune. It soon spread among the gay natives, but it had its enemies—the friends of beer, wine, and old customs. Delightful Madame de Sévigné, who

died in 1696, used to predict that Racine and coffee would both soon be forgotten; but coffee "avait les racines trop profonds et tout le monde sait le profondeur de Racine."

In spite of the venerable Arabian goat story, the real inventor of coffee was the great creature who first thought of roasting the berry. It is this process of carbonization that develops the aroma and generates the oil. To make good coffee the operator must act—however unconsciously—on three grand principles of medicine and chemistry.

He must first learn that exact moment in roasting, when the odoriferous principle shall be at its climax, lest a livelier heat dissipate it forever. He must obtain the liquid so concentrated that it contains unimpaired all that aroma which is its life and soul. He must carry on his manufacture, so that all the final principles of the berry, the harsh and astringent properties, shall remain undeveloped and unmixed with its finer essence.

These are great chemical principles which require a theoretical knowledge and a learned experience not to be expected from a mere hireling cook. Endless experiments have been made with coffee, to extract its full power and yet repress its baser properties. All sorts of finings have been used, beginning with sole-skims. It has been made without roasting the berry—without crushing the berry—with cold water—it has been made by boiling for three-quarters of an hour, etc. As the Japanese differ from us in grinding their tea—a very great economy—so the Turks differ from us in pounding their coffee. They do not use a grinding-mill, but wooden mortars and wooden pestles, and the drier these instruments are, and the more impregnated with the aroma, the more valuable they are considered. Those of our readers who have gone up the Nile will remember that dull continuous thump which used to rouse them from their narrow beds, at that early hour when the long files of cranes and wild geese on the low sandy shore, drawn up as if for inspection by the king of the birds, all looked like flamingoes in the rosy light of day-break, that turned the pyramids long left behind to little triangles of pale ruby. If they then peeped out at the front cabin door they will remember that while half the crew were in the Nile up to their black chins, shoving the dahab-beah off one of the incessant sand-banks, Achmed, the ship's boy, a great lubberly, stalwart fellow of seventeen, was sitting cross-legged in the head of the boat, with a wooden mortar between his knees, and that he held in his dusky hands a small tree five feet long,

rounded to a club at one end, with which he was pounding the close-grained berries.

Brillat-Savarin tried the Turkish plan of pounding coffee, and found the result far preferable to coffee which had been ground. To illustrate the strange and unaccountable effects of different modes of chemical manipulation, he tells, in his suggestive way, an anecdote.

Napoleon—the great Napoleon—like most Frenchmen, was fond of *eau sucrée*—sugar water. "Monsieur," he said one day, to the celebrated chemist Laplace, "how is it that a glass of water in which I melt a lump of sugar, seems to me so much better than that in which I have put the same quantity of crushed sugar?" "Sire," replied the savant, "there are three substances of which the bases are exactly the same—sugar, gum, and amidon. They only differ in certain conditions, the secret of which is reserved by nature. I think it is possible that in the collision of the crusher some portions of sugar pass to the condition of gum, and cause the difference which you have observed."

Crushing coffee in the same way may produce some slight but beneficial change—may expel some element, or call forth some essence, which the grinding-wheel does not affect.

Brillat-Savarin, after trying many ways of making coffee, settled down on a sort of percolator, the Dubelloy. His principle was to pour boiling water through coffee lightly placed in a porcelain or silver vessel pierced with fine holes. The first decoction was then heated to ebullition, passed again through the coffee, and a clear and rich brown liquid obtained with as full an aroma, and as near perfection as possible.

Dr. Forbes's plan—patronized by Mr. Walker, of the Original—was not very dissimilar. He first selected coffee imported in small parcels, coffee in bulk often heating and becoming impaired. Coffee should always be roasted and ground on the day when it is used, and when that is not possible it should be kept in a glass bottle with a ground stopper. The best mode of roasting is in a frying-pan over the fire, or in an earthen basin placed in an open oven; the berries to be frequently stirred. The flavor of the coffee roasted in this exposed way is said to be finer than that of coffee roasted in a closed cylinder. Dr. Forbes used a biggin with two cylinders—the one above the filter, the other below the receptacle. It was first rinsed with hot water, then the coffee powder was put in—a full ounce for every two cups. The measured boiling water was poured lightly in through a movable colander. As soon as it had run through, the clear, bright coffee was ready.

The French heat their coffee, when filtered, to boiling point, then fine it with fish-skins. The water they use is generally first mixed with coffee grounds and boiled; otherwise it remains raw and the infusion is not perfect. It is attention to these thoughtful refinements that makes French coffee so good; it is a stupid neglect of them that makes ours so bad. The rude process of making tea, the mere splashing in of water, too often half-warm, on a handful or two of sloe-leaves and dust, suits our peculiar attribute; a barbaric indifference to the intellectual gratification of the appetite and digestion.

The old French way of making coffee, before 1805, was to put the powder in boiling water, to warm it over the fire to boiling point, then to take it off and let it settle, clarifying it with isinglass or fish-skins, and decanting it before serving. *Café à la Grecque* was passed through a pointed bag. But a certain wise man, M. de Belloy, nephew of the venerable Cardinal, who, in 1805, was Archbishop of Paris and the Nestor of the Gallican Church, at last discovered that the old plan was a bad plan. He found that coffee lost in the various boilings its aroma, force, and spirit. The ebullition carried away further virtues, and the fish-skin and bag gave it a foreign taint unpleasant and injurious. Belloy took the matter seriously to heart, and in a moment of inspiration devised the percolator. He also took care never to let the coffee-roaster burn his coffee-berries, for even one burnt berry rendered several pounds of coffee bitter and acrid. He never allowed him to roast it till it was black, and chose a golden blonde color rather than brown as his ideal. The *Café sans Ebullition* was patronized by M. Foulquier, proprietor of the *Café des Etrangers* in the Palais Royal, and soon became popular, thanks to the zeal of Dr. Gastaldi, an enlightened physician and profound gourmet of those days.

Ude, the great chef at Crockford's, used to allow one cup of coffee powder to make two good cups of liquid. He poured boiling water into the biggin on the coffee, considering it equally infused when it began to bubble on the surface. He then placed the bottom of the biggin in a bain-marie, or vessel with boiling water, to keep the coffee hot. He used as a filter a bag of thick flannel, as being better than tammy. His one rule was a true French one. He says:

"Coffee can never be too strong, and may always be diluted with boiled cream. Weak coffee is never worth drinking."

Ude could make coffee—as he used to do by request before Count d'Orsay, Lord Vernon,

Lord Allen, etc.—better and quicker than any one, notwithstanding, as he writes pathetically, "the contradictions that I have experienced in the St. James's Club from some noblemen who have certainly made a vow never to be pleased, however well they may be served."

In 1805 French medical men strongly denounced the fondness of the ladies of Paris for *café au lait* for breakfast. It made them sallow and heated their blood; it was supposed by the faculty to be eminently bilious, and as unwholesome as *café à l'eau* was beneficial.

It was about 1810 that it began to be observed that coffee was becoming a great article of consumption in France, especially in Paris; about that time it had already supplanted the *vin ordinaire* at the usual breakfast of the artisans, ouvriers, and even the mere street laborers. Those burly women of the Halle—the retailers of herbs, fruits, vegetables, and fish, who had once followed the drums to Versailles—now began to be seen between the pillars of the Rue de la Tonnellerie at an early hour, with great saucers full of hot coffee, in which they soaked great chunks of bread.

The amount of coffee supply, which had been found sufficient for thirty years before this, had now become quite inadequate. In Germany, and all through the north of Europe, chicory root began to be openly sold. In Flanders vast fields of this plant were grown, to be dried, roasted, and mixed with coffee. In some Flemish villages more than a million of francs was annually realized by this. It began to be known in Paris about 1790, and it was found that two-thirds of the swindling powder could be mixed with good coffee without fear of detection. The root, at all events, is harmless, and should be avowedly mixed with coffee, to lower its price; if secretly mixed, a paternal government like Turkey would not hesitate a moment in nailing the rascally retailer's ear to his own door-post. The cheat of chicory did one good thing: the grocers ceased to mix roasted rye with their coffee, and substituted the Flemish plant.

Before the Revolution the French used to be fond of a pinch of vanilla in their coffee; but in the First Consulate time the great European wars prevented the fruit capsules of the precious orchis from reaching France by way of Spain. Some shrewd energetic epicures of a practical tendency soon found a substitute for vanilla. They took a handful of oats, and boiled them for five minutes in rice water. This water was then removed, the oats were boiled again for half an hour, and the decoction was then strained through a bag of thin muslin. This water, used for coffee-making, gave the beverage

a vanilla flavor. This was the discovery of M. du Moulin, maître d'hôtel of the Count de Barruel de Beauvert. The vanilla coffee was found to cheer the mind, and to fatten without heating the body. Owing to the war vanilla husks were at this time, in Paris, two hundred francs the pound.

In 1810 two Parisian chemists invented a conserve de café, an essence of coffee. Two spoonfuls made a four-ounce cup—ordinary size—it merely required to be mixed with boiling water and sugar. Coffee was then from five to six francs a pound. The essence was thought inferior to good Levant or Martinique coffee, but better than the inferior sorts. One of these discoverers, M. Lamerque, a Bordelais of the Rue de Bac, also extracted from coffee an essential oil, balsamic and cephalic; he invented, too, a liqueur, which he called The Cream of Mocha Coffee, and coffee bon-bons, which were white, and of a tonic quality. Coffee was at this time much used by the Parisians to flavor creams, ices, and sorbets.

"Original" Walker, writing in 1835, strongly upheld the superiority of tea to coffee when traveling. Tea allays fever and thirst, he says, and coffee causes both. Coffee increases the natural fever of travel. The French, he observed, drank it at breakfast drowned in hot milk, and after dinner took it *black*, but in a very small quantity. If an Englishman call for coffee in a French or Italian night journey he wants a whole soup-basin full. He likes a draught such as he would have taken of tea at home. There is no doubt, however, that our workmen begin to prefer coffee to tea, and find it stimulates the circulation and nourishes more than the infusion of rank Congo, or of that dark woody Assam that is now much used for adulterating and strengthening inferior teas. After all do let us think of this: two breakfast cups of tea or coffee represent a pint of hot water poured into the ever-receptive and long-suffering organ.

Brillat Savarin, who, if he had not been a great gourmet, would have been an eminent psychologist, has most ably summed up the peculiar effect of coffee on the powers of the brain. The effect is sometimes modified by habit, but there are many persons in whom excitement is always produced. Some persons are not kept awake by coffee, and yet require its influence to keep them from sleep during the day; being sleepy all the afternoon if they do not have their usual morning coffee.

The sleeplessness caused by coffee is not painful; it consists merely in the perceptions being very clear, and there being no desire to

sleep. One is neither agitated nor miserable, as when sleeplessness comes from any other cause; but that does not, nevertheless, prevent the unseasonable excitement from being eventually hurtful. Savarin recounts a special occasion when coffee had an extraordinary effect upon his brain and nerves. A certain duke, then minister of justice, had given him some work to do, which required great care. There was little time to do it in, for the duke wanted it next day. Savarin, therefore, resolved to work all night. In order to fortify himself against the desire to sleep, he finished his dinner with two large cups of strong and excellent coffee. He returned home at seven o'clock to receive the papers he had expected, but found, instead, a letter which informed that, owing to some absurd formality of the bureau, he could not receive them before next day. Thus disappointed, Brillat Savarin returned to the house where he had dined, and joined a party at piquet: not without inquietude as to how he should pass the night. He retired to rest at his usual hour, thinking that even if he did not sleep well he might get a doze of four or five hours, which would help him quietly on to the morrow; but he was deceived; hour after hour brought fresh mental agitation, until his brain seemed like a mill whose wheels work without having any thing to grind. At last he got up, and, to pass the time, began throwing into verse a short English story he had lately read. As sleep still refused to come, he began another translation, but all in vain; the mine was exhausted, and had to be left. He passed the night without sleep, and rose and spent the day in the same condition, neither food nor occupation bringing any change. Finally when he went to bed at his accustomed time he calculated that he had not closed his eyes for full forty hours.

This great epicure closes his remarks on coffee by speaking of its strength. A man with a good constitution, he says, might live long, even when taking two bottles of wine a day, but if he dared to venture on the same allowance of coffee he would soon become imbecile, or waste into a consumption. He warns parents against giving it to young children, and mentions a man he saw in London "sur la Place de Leicester," who had become crippled by his immoderate use of coffee, but who had come down again to five or six cups a day.

The quantity of coffee imported into England in 1843 was 29,979,404 pounds; in 1850, 31,166,358 pounds; in 1857, 34,367,484 pounds; and in 1859, 34,492,947 pounds.

There can be no doubt that as our poorer

classes learn to study cooking, and become convinced that good cooking leads to good appetite, and good appetite to good health, they will attend more to those refinements which remove coffee from the category of brown soup, and place it high among the most favored beverages of the world.

LONELINESS OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

IT is related that a prince once grew up in fairy-land, of brilliant promise beyond all his ethereal race, but arriving at years of maturity he developed the most alarming capabilities of inventing and executing all sorts of malicious mischief. He mocked at the misfortunes of the poor and wretched, extinguished the few smoldering embers on the widow's hearth, or set fire to the thatch of the peasant, laughing in impish glee to see him rush forth with his wife and little ones, houseless, into the Winter night.

Again and again the queen mother tearfully admonished her recreant son, but her precepts and entreaties were alike unheeded. At last there came a day when, Brutus like, she hushed the natural yearnings of her heart, and summoned the offender before the high court of her realm. There he was doomed to exchange his dazzling beauty for the repulsive form of a crawling ant, whose task it should be to remove, grain by grain, the mass of a lofty mountain. The sentence held a single possibility of remission. Whenever he should find two sand-grains of equal weight the criminal should be permitted to resume his own form, and a second probation should be granted him among his peers. But alas for the poor fairy prince! Ages have passed since then—so runs the fable—and still the toiling insect struggles up and down the scarcely lessened slope with the burden of his long-dead hope added to the weight of the unequal grains he bears.

Not less hopeless is the task of the man who undertakes to weigh the character and motives of his fellows in the scales of his own private judgment, or expects to find any thing like absolute similarity in all the circle of human nature.

Doubtless the great law of compensation is here, as elsewhere, in force. A defect on this side is balanced by greater fullness and perfection on that. Nature, the great mother, ever "so careful of the type," has made us all sufficiently alike for loving sympathy, but not for carping judgment.

In this age of the boasted mastery of mind over matter, it is almost humiliating to reflect how largely the moods and habits of our inner life are determined by the mere accidents of flesh and blood. Herein lies a fruitful source of human loneliness. It seems impossible for persons of opposite physical constitutions to understand each other. The man whose quick blood tingles in electric flow to his very finger ends, and whose nerves, thrilling to every impression, drive him to constant activity, can have no adequate comprehension of the languid temperament, which expresses itself in slow and measured motion, with frequent relapses to inglorious rest. The man of large physical courage, plunging into battle in fine frenzy of daring, can not appreciate the superior bravery and matchless self-control with which his pale and trembling comrade advances to meet the foe.

He whose happy, hopeful views of life answer to the healthy workings of his bodily organism, can not sympathize with the "spiritual dyspepsia" of his bilious brother, or understand that fancied ills may be quite as hard to bear as real ones, and even more impervious to argument or exorcism.

"You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato," said Scrooge to Marley's ghost, and yet how utterly his waggish philosophy succumbed before the awful rattling of the chain, and the sight of the bandage loosened from the spectral jaw!

What a dark record of happiness blighted, and warm affections chilled, might be traced back to the recoil of sensitive natures misjudged and misunderstood! The reader of Alger's late work on "Solitude" can not fail to be painfully impressed by the bitter misanthropy and loneliness of some of those great men of all ages, whom he has selected as typical "solitary characters"—a loneliness caused not so much by their own loftier altitude of thought and vision, as by the distrustful refusal of those whom they sought to raise and strengthen to follow them to the heights. The world's seers and prophets may go, like Elijah, forty days and forty nights, in the strength of a sublime enthusiasm, but the time will come when, afar off in some cave of the wilderness, the solitary heart voices its yearning for human presence and companionship in the sorrowful cry, "I, even I only, am left!" Alas! then, for the soul, if standing with its face wrapped in the mantle of its own sorrow, it hear not the still, small voice which speaks amid the lingering echoes of the storm-wind and the earthquake.

It is sad, indeed, that the very differences of

constitution which should furnish the strongest reasons for mutual forbearance and Christian charity, so often become incentives to an opposite disposition.

Religion does not make people alike ; it imparts no new faculties of mind or body. It is simply a mode of life whose aim is to reduce the old ones to their normal relations and workings, and so build up beautiful and symmetrical characters, varying like the many parts of a great cathedral rising gradually through the centuries, but all bearing the unmistakable impress of one controlling plan. Touched with seraphic fire, the lips of one Christian may pour forth in burning utterances the love that glows in his heart, while another, less emotional but equally true to his Master, and brave for the right, may speak to the world's heart only with the silent eloquence of a stainless, self-sacrificing life.

No man can be the keeper of another's conscience. No Ecumenical Council, with its decrees of infallibility, can stay the march of Christian progress.

Once only, has the world seen the ideal of excellence. The nearer that the growth of Christian character shall approximate to that great type of moral beauty, which blossomed eighteen hundred years ago beside the Sea of Galilee, the more shall lesser differences be forgotten, and the incense of faith working by love make the earth fragrant as a garden of the Lord.

EVEN-TIDE.

SOLEMNLY walking, with footsteps weary,
Down where the day grows dim,
Stream the white plumes of a veteran army,
Singing their evening hymn ;
Gazing anon over death's dark river,
Viewing life's glorious shore,
Waiting the call of their skillful pilot,
And the ferryman's friendly oar.

Varied their pathways of toil and shadows,
Pilgrims o'er life's rough way,
Sowing the good seed at morn and evening
Far in the twilight gray ;
Causing the barren and desert places
To break into moral bloom,
Rich in the wealth of the heart's sweet blossoms,
Meet for a heavenly home.

Sometimes imperil'd by grievous conflicts,
Urged by a tempting foe,
Hours of gloom where the soul's deep harp-chorde
Wailed to the notes of woe ;
But grace in triumph wrought faith's rich harvest,
Laden with fruitful cheer,

Balm for the heart-wounds soft and healing,
Joy for each mournful tear.

Faithful in bearing the Gospel armor,
Bravely you've kept it bright,
Bowing your forms to the year's sad burdens
Once robed in beauty's light ;
Strew'd all the way from your cradle-dreamings,
Watch'd by a mother's love,
Are the turf-beds of your fond ones sleeping
Heedless of the sighs above.

Ye are the relics, belov'd and honor'd,
Saved from the grand old past ;
Soft on your brow sit the gems of wisdom
Gracefully unto the last ;
As the gentle flowers of the pall cold Autumn,
Bright 'mid the past dews bloom,
So thrive the plants of your kindlier feelings
Greenest near the lone chill tomb.

Back in review lies the long, long journey,
Winding through thorns and care,
Brightly enwoven with God's rich mercies,
Oases of beauty rare ;
And as the bow on the dark cloud resting
Tells you the storm is o'er,
So on the past gleam your hopes eternal,
Reaching unto heaven's door.

O amid bowers wreath'd in fadeless roses,
Just where life's waters flow,
All overhung with the trees immortal,
Tremulous with praises low ;
Waiting you there are the angel brethren,
They who in days gone by
Left you in tears, and with smiles seraphic
Entered through the gates on high.

Oft when the spirit grew sad to fainting,
Bearing earth clogs and pain,
There, far away in the soul-bright regions,
Heard you not an Eden strain ?
Well 't was their lutes breaking softest numbers,
Soothing thy troubled breast ;
O, weary saints, soon ye'll join their anthems,
Ringing through the land of rest.

Who would not die for your crown of glory
By love and labor won ?
Who would not covet the Savior's welcome,
Servants of God well done !
Enter ye into my Father's mansions,
For you so long prepared,
Joint-heirs with me in his glorious riches
Who hath my sufferings shared ?

Gratefully Time, on his fairest record,
Shall your memorials trace
Deeds luminous with sublime reflections
Centuries can ne'er efface ;
And as ye go, leaving farewell blessings
Under each household tree,
Heaven will gain in its priceless treasures,
Earth will the poorer be.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

THIRD PAPER.

THE question of caste has an immense influence in the marriage arrangement of the Hindoos, and its discriminations against women are particularly mean and insulting to her nature; while the compromises constantly occurring show how the cupidity of the legislators, and of the violators of the code, outrage the professed inflexibility of their regulations.

For instance, the Institutes ordain: "Men of the twice-born classes, who, through weakness of intellect or irregularity, marry women of the lowest class very soon degrade their families and progeny to the state of Sudras. A Brahman, if he take a Sudra as his first wife, sinks to the region of torment; if he have a child by her he loses even his priestly rank. For the crime of him who thus illegally drinks the moisture of a Sudra's lips, who is tainted with her breath, . . . the law declares no expiation."

No matter how good, or beautiful, or exalted the lady may be, if she possess not this accident of equal caste, this unmanly and villainous legislation decrees her touch to be contamination and the penalty of wedlock with her perdition.

The reason given is, "His sacrifices to the gods, his oblation to the manes, and his hospitable attention to strangers must be supplied principally by her; but the gods and manes will not eat such offerings, nor can heaven be attained by such hospitality." (Chap. III, Secs. 15-19.)

In their absurd mythology the deities and the souls of their ancestors are represented as suffering from hunger, which can only be appeased by human attention, the cooking and presentation of which is part of the wife's duty. The regular and frequent fulfillment of the service is considered to merit heaven. But these dainty deities and transmigrated folk are too fastidious to touch the offering, hungry though they be, unless proffered by high-caste hands. The result is that the lady of low rank can never rise in India, while the favored few of high caste, with all their peculiar immunities, are sacredly reserved for themselves by these sacerdotal legislators.

Yet, where it serves a certain end, the law can be circumvented and strained. The very same code decrees: "The ceremony of joining hands is appointed for those who marry women of their own class; but with women of a different class the following nuptial ceremonies are to be observed: By a Chatriya, on her marriage with a Brahman, an arrow must be held in her

hand—by a Vaisya woman, with a bridegroom of the sacerdotal or military class, a whip—and by a Sudra bride, marrying a priest, a soldier, or a merchant, must be held the skirt of a mantle." (Chap. III, Sec. 44.)

The head of a family, a shade higher in caste, will not give his son in marriage to a daughter of a family a shade lower on equal terms. But he will do it on receiving a sum of money in proportion to the means of that family. And this bargain and sale of sons and daughters prevails more or less through all India society, and has noticeable examples among its very highest classes. For instance, the Powar Rajahs of Oude—the mission field of the Methodist Episcopal Church—are considered a shade lower in caste than the reigning Rajah of Rewa, in Rajpootana. Some time ago they gave 100,000 rupees—\$50,000 gold—with one daughter to the only son of the Rewah Rajah, as the sole condition on which he would take her. Afterward Gholab Singh, of Pertubghur, gave 50,000 more with a daughter to the same youth, and then followed Rajah Hunmunt, of Dharooopoor, who went to Rewah to propose a union of his daughter with the same son of the Rajah. A large sum was demanded, but he pleaded inability, and at last induced Rewah to consent to accept 50,000 rupees down, and 75,000 at the last ceremony of the *barat*—bringing home the bride. When all was ready for this final ceremony the Rajah of Rewah pleaded the heat of the weather, rendering it inconvenient for his son to come to take away his bride. But Hunmunt was not to be refused. Collecting a hundred resolute Brahmans he proceeded with them to Rewah, where they sat *dhurna* at the Rajah's door to compel him to fulfill his engagement. *Dhurna* is a custom in which an aggrieved party deliberately sits down at your door with the solemn vow to die there of starvation if you do not yield his demands, his death, in that event, resting upon you and yours as a malediction forever. The curse is trebled where a Brahman thus perishes.

Hunmunt's men declared that they would all die there unless the marriage was consummated. The distressed Rajah did every thing he could, aided by his people, to get rid of them; but they held on to the third day, when individuals of them seemed to be sinking, and the Rajah, yielding to fear that some of them would really die, relented, and agreed that his son should go and bring his bride, if, however, Hunmunt would pay down 25,000 rupees more, in addition to the 75,000, to defray the cost of the procession. The coveted honor was considered cheap even at this fresh demand. The money was paid,

and the young lady taken off in due form, to occupy a place in a zenana where there were already five other wives before her.

Such is the value put upon one-sixth of a heart where the alliance secures a single step of caste rank. Yet the entire sum that the Rewah Rajah received with the six young ladies would not induce the Rajpoot families, a shade higher than he is, to take one of his daughters as wife to one of their sons.

April and May are favorite months for the marriage ceremony among the Hindoos, though the rite takes place earlier in the year. But no father will have a marriage in his house during June, July, August, and September, the universal belief being that the deity is then, during the whole rainy season, down on a visit to the celebrated Rajah Bull, and is consequently unable to bless the rite with his presence.

The ceremonies of marriage in India are too well known to need repetition here. Often, when traveling at night in my palanquin, I have been roused from sleep by my bearers catching sight of an approaching marriage procession, with its torches, music, and shouting; falling in with the enthusiasm of each event, they would cry out that "the bridegroom cometh." Sitting up and throwing open the door, I would order them to one side, so that the procession might pass unobstructed. First would come the torch bearers—Mussals—their torches made of cotton cloths wrapped round a short stick, held upright in the left hand, while with a vessel of oil in the right hand they fed the flame every ten minutes, and gave light to the party. Behind the Mussals came the band of music, rude and rough enough. Then the bridegroom would make his appearance, mounted on a fine horse, splendidly caparisoned—his own or borrowed for the occasion—and wearing a grand coat, decked out in tinsel and gold thread, with the matrimonial crown on his head, and his richly embroidered slippers, all very fine, his friends shouting and dancing along-side of him; and, of course, as he passes, we make our salaam and wish him joy.

Right behind the bridegroom's horse comes the palanquin of the bride, but no sight of her blesses our longing eyes; she is veiled, and the Venetians are closely shut, and on the little lady is borne to a home which she never saw before, to surrender herself into the hands of one who has neither wooed nor won her; a bride without a choice, with no voice in her own destiny; married without preference; handed over, by those who assumed to do all the thinking for her, to a fate where the feelings of her heart were never consulted in the most im-

portant transaction of her existence; beginning her married life under circumstances which preclude the possibility of her being sustained by the affection which is founded upon esteem.

Close following her palanquin comes the procession of coolies bearing her outfit—her "gift and dowry"—upon their heads; her bed and bedding, cooking utensils, clothing, etc. The coolies are not very heavily loaded now. The music, and the lights, and the shouting bring people to their doors; and as they inquire, "Whose wedding is that?" the friends reply, and the eye of the inquirer runs along the line of burden bearers, and he withdraws within his dwelling, meditating upon the extensive marriage portion which his neighbor has conferred upon his daughter.

When the procession has come within hailing distance of his home the watching friends go forth to meet the bridegroom, the bride enters her apartments, the door is shut, and the guests are entertained in other parts of the establishment.

Let us now consider her life as a married lady in her own home, surrounded by the cruel prejudices and customs which meet her at the threshold and subject her to their sway. What they are may be gathered from a few statements.

When I sit down at a table in this land, spread with Heaven's bounty for the family and friends, and look at the Christian woman who so sweetly presides at the board, and whose blessed presence sheds such light and gladness on the scene, I often sigh to think that no such sight as this is enjoyed in India; for that land is cursed by the iron rule of a system which denies to her the joys and charities of social life. So no lady in India sits at the head of her own table; no stranger can share her presence in hospitality; her healing word or hand can not be extended to the sick or to the whole. Woman's gentle, blessed ministries have no exercise in India. Her services are all selfishly reserved for him whom now she is taught to regard as lord and master, and on whom she is henceforth to wait in a state of abject submission and obedience that has no parallel in any other system in this world.

She is not in any sense an equal in her home, and is denied by law those rights that might seem to imply such a position. How much is involved in the two words with which we describe her present state and relation when we say that no wife in India is permitted to eat with her husband or to walk by his side! If there be any mitigation of this—and I do not know that there is—it is because humanity is not as vile as Hindoo philosophy and legislation

would make it in regard to woman. But what the law of her life and condition is let the following atrocious citations show:

My lady readers will bear in mind that these conditions are all realized within the four walls of the "compound" which inclose the home of the Hindoo lady. That compound is the woman's world in India. In it she lives, and seldom leaves it till she is carried out a corpse. And while she inhabits it, as Wm. Arthur has truly remarked, she has "jealousy for her jailer, and suspicion as her spy;" and fain would her husband draw all these bonds tighter when he is obliged to trust her in his absence. Thus saith the Shaster: "If a man goes on a journey his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, nor shall laugh, nor shall dress herself in jewels or fine clothes, nor bear music, nor shall sit at the window, nor shall behold any thing choice and rare, but shall fasten well the house door, and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty food, and shall not blacken her eyes with powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never amuse herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

This suspicion of woman's faith and honor is openly avowed by Munn; and in his Institutes (Sec. 219) he makes it obligatory on a king to exercise daily vigilance upon the inmates of his harem in this very regard. He says: "Let his females, well tried and attentive, their dress and ornaments having been examined lest some weapon should be concealed in them, do him humble service, with fans, water, and perfumes."

The whole of this abominable legislation goes upon the assumption that woman, as such, is man's natural inferior, and that her sex even is evidence of previous depravity, so that they can justly cast those slurs upon her character, denying her natural rank, and declaring her unworthy of honorable trust. Hear the unblushing language of the Code: "It is the nature of woman in this world to cause the seduction of men; for which reason the wise are never unguarded in the company of females. A female, indeed, is able to draw from the right path in this life not a fool only, but even a sage, and can lead him in subjection to desire or to wrath."

This is followed by an abominable caution, which we must omit. But we show the animus of his principles further when we quote the 150th section, in which the lawgiver ordains: "At the time of consultation let him—the magistrate—remove the stupid, the dumb, the blind, the deaf, talking birds, decrepit old men,

women, and infidels, the diseased and the maimed; since those who are disgraced in this life by reason of sins formerly committed are apt to betray secret council; so are talking birds, and so, above all, are women. Them he must, for that reason, diligently remove."

Was there any insult ever offered to a lady's nature equal to that which this law has laid down when it enjoins the Brahman to suspend his reading of the Veda to his disciples, should a woman happen to come in sight while he was so employed, and directs him not to resume the utterance of the holy texts until she has passed beyond the possibility of hearing them? Her ear is not pure enough to hear what the vilest male thief or sensualist in the Bazaar may listen to freely! Woman's religious knowledge must not rise higher than the Shasters. The "holy" Vedas are reserved for men, and for them alone.

These old laws were in existence when the New Testament was written, and in the provisions of that Christianity which threw its blessed protection over woman's nature and rights did not the Holy Spirit glance at these wrongs, and provide the principles of their final overthrow when he said: "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus"—one in the freedom, and equality, and privilege to which Heaven's impartial mercy was to raise the pariah, the woman, and the slave from the degradation to which heathenism, in its pride of power, had reduced those over whom it could thus safely tyrannize.

But we return, for the sad story which describes the married life of India's daughters is not yet half told.

The "obsequious honor" which the Code demands from a married lady is rigorously exacted. Christianity moderates a husband's demands, and sanctions his gentle sway, while it sweetly inclines the wife, who obeys because she loves, to yield all that is right and reasonable to his wishes, and thus leads both in the bonds of an affection that increasingly blesses them. But this Code says nothing, because it knows nothing of love. It is all law, duty, obligation; whether he is worthy, or she feels like it or not, it must be rendered by her. Hear its exactions. Was ever such deference, and absolute and degrading subordination demanded of a wife, or can brutality itself ask for more authority than is given in the following rules?

"By a girl, or by a young woman, or by a woman advanced in years, nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling-place, according to her mere pleasure. In childhood must a female be dependent upon her father; in youth

on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons; if she have no sons, on the near kinsman of her husband; if he left no kinsman, on those of her father; if she have no paternal kinsman, on the sovereign. A woman must never seek independence." "Him to whom her father gave her, or her brother, with the paternal consent, let her obsequiously honor while he lives, and when he dies let her never neglect him." "Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence; but in lawful and innocent recreations, though rather addicted to them, they may be left at their own disposal." "She must always live with a cheerful temper, with good management in the affairs of the house, with great care of the household furniture, and with a frugal hand in all her expenses." (Institutes, sections 148-151.)

The Shaster renders her duty more definite, as follows: "When in the presence of her husband a woman must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet and listen to nothing else besides. When he calls she must leave every thing else and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstasy."

Another Shaster says: "The supreme duty of a wife is to obey the mandate of her husband. Let the wife who wishes to perform sacred ablution, wash the feet of her lord and drink the water; for the husband is to the wife greater than Vishnoo"—the preserver of the universe. Wild and disgusting as are these Shaster obligations, which have so long crushed out self-respect from the soul of woman in India, they are all authorized by the supreme law of her faith, for Menu declares, "Though inob-servant of approved usages, [the services of their religion,] or enamored of another woman, or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must constantly be *revered as a god* by a virtuous wife." (Institutes, sec. 154.)

As showing that the popular sentiment is not better than the law even to-day, after these long ages of helpless woman's subordination and

suffering, I may mention the fact that Moon-shees like to illustrate these texts by referring to the recorded case of a wife whose husband was a leper, and whose sense of duty to the law carried her so far that when eating the rice left on his plate and finding therein the end of one of his fingers which had dropped off, she still showed no repugnance, but continued her repast to the end!

To leave no motive untried to complete woman's subordination, they have added the consideration of a future existence, and made her happy transmigration to depend upon her life-long fidelity to this hateful code, and putting her soul and her future in the power of her husband. This terrible assumption is thus presented in the Institutes: "When the husband has performed the nuptial rites with texts of the Veda, he gives bliss continually to his wife here below, and he will give her happiness in the next world. No sacrifice is allowed to women apart from their husbands, no religious rite, no fasting; as far only as a wife honors her lord, so far is she exalted in heaven. A faithful wife who wishes to attain in heaven the mansion of her husband, must do nothing unkind to him, be he living or dead." (Secs. 153-156.)

A prisoner all her married life, this woman, put in the abstract on a level with the slave and the child, can not hold property, for Menu ordains, "Three persons, a wife, a son, and a slave, are declared by law to have in general no wealth exclusively their own; the wealth which they earn is regularly acquired for the man to whom they belong." (Sec. 16.) She waits upon her lord, who is "her god, her guru, and her religion," as the Shaster phrases it. She lulls him to rest by the soft shampooing of his feet, and is at once his slave and stewardess. Her worth is well summed up by one of their poets, who describes the best condition she can know, when her bereaved husband thus laments her:

"Dost thou depart, who didst prepare
My savory food with skillful care?
On whom alone of woman kind
In ceaseless love I fix'd my mind?
Whose palms so softly rubbed my feet,
Till charm'd I lay in slumbers sweet?
Who tendred me with wakeful eyes,
The last to sleep, the first to rise?
Now weary night denies repose:
My eyelids never more shall close."

Yet while living she might not walk by his side even in the marriage procession; she may not even call him by his name nor directly address him, nor can a friend so far notice her existence as to inquire for her welfare; for the *Sacontala* lays it down as a rule of social life, that "it is against good manners to inquire

concerning the wife of another man." The face of any man, save her husband and father, and her own and husband's brothers, she must never see at the risk of compromising her character. So inveterate is the prejudice of their education and customs, that many of them have sacrificed their lives sooner than violate the rule. The writer heard in India of a case which sadly illustrates this. In the detachment which Major Broadfoot had to take from Loodiana to Cabul, in 1841, there were many wives of native officers, and the Major, in the performance of his troublesome duty, had them each provided for their long journey with a howdah fixed on a camel's back. During the march one of these came to the ground suddenly, and there was a general halt, for the native lady had got entangled in the frame-work and had swung round beneath. An English officer seeing her danger, sprang from his horse to rescue her. But his action was arrested by the other ladies, who saw his intention as well as the lady's peril, and from behind their curtains cried out that he must not approach her, as he could not save her unless by touching her person and lifting the veil that enveloped her. The astonished officer would have done it nevertheless had it not been that the poor lady

herself implored him not to approach her—she would rather risk death. Her struggle to escape was in vain; the terrified and unwieldy beast actually trampled her to death before their eyes!

Look into the home where we left the young bride, and see her as she begins the duties for which she has been trained. She rises to prepare her husband's food, and when all is ready laid out upon the mat—for they ignore such aids as chairs and tables, knives or forks, and take their meals with the hand, sitting on the floor—she then announces to her lord that his meal is ready. He enters and sits down and finds all duly prepared by her care. Why does she still stand? why not sink down, too, and share with her husband the good things she has got ready? She dares not! He would not allow it—the law of her religion forbids it. She must stand and *wait* upon him. He "eats his morsel alone" truly. No wife in India can legally eat with her husband unless she becomes a Christian. She can do so then, for the religion of Jesus takes the timid creature whom heathenism has wronged and leads her to the sacramental table, to the love-feast refreshment, and to the daily meal, to share with her husband in "gladness and singleness of heart, praising God."



HINDOO WOMAN AND HER HUSBAND.

The foregoing wood-cut, taken from a picture of a Hindoo home, shows the situation of affairs generally. It is substantially the same, whether the person be wealthier or poorer than the one here represented. The higher classes use more indulgencies. The weather is warm and a fan is needed, or a fly-flapper is required, for he considers he can not use his curry-stained fingers to drive the flies away or cool himself; so the duty in either case devolves upon the wife.

The fan is made of a fragrant grass called *khus-khus*; a basin of water is at her feet, and she dips the fan into it occasionally, shaking off the heavy drops, and cools her lord and master, who enjoys as he eats the fragrant evaporation. Or the mosquitoes may be troublesome, and provision is made also for this. The tail of the *yak*, or snow-cow of Thibet, white and bushy, inserted into an ornamental shaft, is ready at hand, and with it the lady whisks him around, and saves him from the slightest inconvenience.

The duty is patiently performed, and when he has fully satisfied himself she removes what remains to another apartment—for her religion not only forbids her eating with him, but also prohibits her from eating even what he may leave in the same room where he dines—and then, and not till then, can she and her children eat their food. This unnatural and selfish custom is so contrary to the promptings of the human heart in such relations that we need to quote the express language of the law to convince our readers that it is even so, and that there have been wretches called men who have dared to ordain such legislation for woman. Menu says: "Let the husband neither eat with his wife, nor look at her eating, or sneezing, or yawning, or sitting carelessly at her ease." (Sec. 43.) The Shaster adds: "She must never eat until her husband is satisfied. If he abstains, she must also fast; and she must abstain from whatever food her husband dislikes." While another Shaster enforces the doctrine, and provides a very gracious relaxation of the rule in a certain contingency! It says: "A woman shall never go out of the house without the consent of her husband, and shall act according to the orders of her husband, and shall not eat until she has served him—though if it be physic she may take it before he eats!"

Men who can act as here indicated of course can go further. Cruelty to a wife must be akin to customs like these; and this wicked code has actually provided for her punishment and further degraded her by the associations in which it is to be inflicted, and even specified its horrible nature beyond the grave.

Says the law: "A wife, a son, a servant, a pupil, and a younger brother may be corrected, when they commit faults, with a rope or the small shoot of a cane, but on the back part only of their bodies, and not on a noble part by any means." (Sec. 300.) Again: "For women, children, persons of crazy intellect, the old, the poor, and the infirm the king shall order punishment with a whip, a twig, or a rope." (239.) And in section 335 he makes it an obligation upon the magistrate to inflict it, declaring that a wife and the parties named "must not be left unpunished if they adhere not with firmness to their duty."

For greater crimes Menu has ordained the following barbarous enactment: "Should a wife actually violate the duty which she owes to her lord, let the king condemn her to be devoured by dogs in a place much frequented." (Sec. 391.) And for the "crime" of marrying again when her husband is dead, he declares she brings infamy upon herself in this life, and in the next shall enter the womb of a jackal, or be afflicted with elephantiasis, and other diseases that punish crimes."

Woman is absolutely and without redress in the power of her husband. As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, she must submit to his correction without a murmur. In our flight from Nynsee Tal to Almorah I have seen a native of our party strike his wife to the earth with his heavy walking-stick, only because she was a little delayed in having his meal ready. Alas! this treatment is of hourly occurrence, and no one can interfere when it stops short of actual murder. In the western provinces of India this reckless treatment of woman is carried to its greatest extreme. Before British rule interfered there was positively no limit to their cruelty. One of those monsters has been known to hold up a woman guilty or suspected of infidelity by the hair of her head, while another hewed her to pieces for him with a sword.

Sir Charles Napier, on assuming the government, had to resort to the severest measures before he could convince the Beluchi that he had no right to commit murder in this manner. A man having been condemned for killing his wife, his chief sued the governor for pardon. "No," replied Sir Charles, "I will hang him." "What! you will hang a man for only killing his wife?" "Yes; she had done no wrong." "Wrong! no, but he was angry! Why should he not kill her?" "Well, I am angry; why should I not kill him?" Many such executions took place before the practice was arrested; but the resolute Governor succeeded at length.

Twenty years have not passed since similar conduct might have been witnessed in the kingdom of Oude, before the introduction of British rule there threw the protection of the law of Christ over woman's life, so far as it can reach her secluded existence. An extract from a reliable work, "The Private Life of an Eastern King," will illustrate this. The writer says, speaking of Nussir-u-Deed, the late King of Oude: "Being irritated the King retired into the female apartment and we returned to our tents. Heaven help the poor woman who has the misfortune at such a moment to displease or disgust an irritated despot! An accidental sneeze, a louder cough than usual, nay, even an ungraceful movement, may bring down punishment terrible to think of—torture, perhaps, at the bare mention of which the English wife, or mother, or daughter would shudder. Such things take place but too often in the Hindoo zenanas of India. Magistrates know that such things often take place, but they are helpless to punish or prevent. But the zenana and the harem are sacred; and the female slave that revealed their horrid mysteries would suffer a lingering and excruciating death at the hands of the very woman whom her revelations might be intended to protect. The chief and the wealthy man who is disposed to be cruel, can act despotically, tyrannically enough; but the king, with unquestioned power of life or death in his hands, if once infuriated or enraged, can torture or kill without question. 'My wife is about to be confined,' said a savage Hindoo Rajah to his European friend, a solicitor, 'and if she does not make me the father of a son, I will whip her to death with my hunting-whip.' The child was born; it was a daughter; the woman's body was burnt two days after. How she died no one out of the zenana certainly knew. The fact of the threat only transpired long afterward, where it was the interest of the solicitor, to whom the remark had been made, to prove the Rajah mad in his later days in order to set aside a will."

The discrimination is against woman as such. Menu and his commentators decree no equivalent punishment upon male violators of their law or customs, and he actually shields from all penalty the whole sacerdotal class who formed these laws, no matter how many or flagrant their crimes may be. No such "class legislation" was ever enacted as is exhibited in the following sections of the code: "Never shall the king slay a Brahman, though convicted of all possible crimes; let him banish the offender from his realm, but with all his property secure and his body unhurt. No greater crime is

known on earth than slaying a Brahman, and the king, therefore, must not even form in his mind an idea of killing a priest." (Sec. 380.)

When General Havelock, in 1857, laid his hands upon these dainty and pampered Brahmans, and finding them guilty of mutiny or murder, tried and convicted them like common men, and ordered them for punishment or execution, some of the poor benighted people whom they had thus deluded thought that the earth would surely quake or the heavens fall. But in defiance of this unjust code they were strung up, and the earth was still, and the sun rolled on in its course indifferent to their fate, and the spell of Brahmanical inviolability was broken forever after the long imposition and cruel falsehood of its claim. But in the breaking of that spell woman in India had more interest and gained more advantage than in any event of the past generation. She knows it not yet, but it is nevertheless true that Havelock's grand march and Christian soldiery and justice snapped the first link of that heavy chain that has so long encircled her mind and body.

Notwithstanding the inhumanity and deep injustice of Hindoo legislation for the ladies of that land, their married lives are not without honor and influence, nor their persons unsupplied with gorgeous clothing and ornaments. On the contrary, the law repeatedly requires these things to be supplied to them in abundance. But let the whole truth, as to the expressed design and motive of this generosity be candidly stated, and then let the reader judge what is the value of this magnanimity to the heart of any noble woman. Is it for her sake, as true love would prompt, or is it for the gratification and interest of him who confers it all? The reply to this painful question I place before the reader.

Let it be remembered as explanatory that in India a woman's curse is considered to blast the person, the property, or the home against which it is uttered. Men stand in fear of it, for prosperity is impossible when it impends. The legislator has affirmed its liability with the duty of marital liberality as a motive of prevention. Also let it be borne in mind that a husband's passion for sons, in view of the relation of his male offspring to his shraad and happy transmigration—as previously explained—is such that all considerations are expected to bow to this desire.

As to the first motive, Menu says: "Married women must be honored and adorned by their fathers and brethren, by their husbands, and by the brothers of their husbands, if they seek abundant prosperity. Where females are hon-

ored then the deities are pleased; but where they are dishonored there all religious acts become fruitless. Where female relations are made miserable the family of him who makes them so very soon wholly perishes; but where they are not, unhappy the family always increases. On whatever houses the women of a family, not being duly honored, pronounce an imprecation, those houses, with all that belong to them, utterly perish, as if destroyed by a sacrifice for the death of an enemy. Let those women, therefore, be continually supplied with ornaments, apparel and food, at festivals and at jubilees, by men desirous of wealth." (Institutes, Secs. 55-59.)

As to the other motive, the code declares that if the wife be not elegantly attired, she will not attract her husband, and, lacking personal attraction, offspring will not be produced.

Not then for her own dear sake alone, as Christian manhood confers its gifts of love, but from motives merely personal and selfish does the heathen husband extend his liberality to his wife.

All this is worthy and consistent to a law which actually teaches a husband in an emergency to sacrifice every thing to his own precious self, in the following language: "Against misfortune, let him preserve his wealth; at the expense of his wealth, let him preserve his wife; but let him, at all events, preserve himself, even at the hazard of his wife and riches."

How little can such a religion or such a law know of disinterested affection, or of that devotion which would risk every thing for the safety and happiness of its beloved object!

What an era of light and joy for the sex dawned upon the world when the Lord Jesus was born of a woman! She needed and she receives the larger portion of these "glad tidings of great joy." He came to deliver this creature, so long and so cruelly wronged, "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God;" to rebuke and repress all this invective, these deprivations and cruelties, and to lift her up to man's high level of excellence, in man's highest intellectual and moral elevation, both for time and for eternity.

And not in theory only has the divine Author of the Christian Institutes shown his deep interest in woman's welfare. He has left to Christian manhood the high example it should follow, and made his own love for his Church—in giving himself for it, and dying that she might live—the very model of that devotion and pure affection which, with all its freedom and confidence, surrounds the honored wives who adorn the happy homes of Christianity.

It is some relief to feel assured that all this wealth of love and joy shall yet be shared by the wives of India in that glad day when the good and gentle laws of Christ shall have forever superseded the Institutes of Menu in the land of the Veda.

One paper more on the later life of the Hindoo lady will conclude this subject.

THE CHILD LIFE OF JESUS.

THE manger of Bethlehem supplied the universe with a cradle memory. It was in David's town that the Lord Christ was born, in accordance with ancient prophecy. That event, the center of the concentric circle of human history, has a meaning. The song that broke upon the shepherds was but a repetition of the acclaim of joy which filled heaven with the Christmas carol. How the angels sang "Glory to God in the highest!" How they beat the air with their wings as they declared, "Unto you," not unto us, but "unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, who is Christ the Lord!" Notice the fact. For you Christ turned his back on heaven when he turned his face earthward. Heaven was impoverished that earth might be enriched.

It is said that the father of Sesostris, the mightiest conqueror of the olden time, and the most celebrated of Egyptian kings, having determined that his son should become lord of the whole earth, formed the design of adopting all the children born throughout Egypt on the same day with his son, to be educated with him, and caused them to be trained alike in the same rigid discipline of the public schools, that they might compose a band of companions attached to his person and qualified to fill the first civil and military departments of the State.

It is easy to imagine what must have been the influence exerted upon their minds and hearts. They were about to become the associates of a king. They studied the same books, looked forward to the same work, and were stimulated by the same hopes. Is it not possible that the Infinite Father has furnished us with this child life of Jesus, with the record of his birth, his growth, his education, that parents and teachers in every age of the world may train their children with the child Jesus, and fit them as best they can, to be his companions in toil here and in glory hereafter? The influence of this life is familiar to all. We recall the pleasure experienced when we learned that Jesus came as a child, and permitted the tendrils of our love to entwine about him as the child

Jesus led us forth from the cradle, as the man Christ Jesus conducted us to the cross. How the mind loves to brood in fancy over the influences of our child life, which never die! They come back to us in court and camp, in the whirl of business and in the solitudes of life, now like some forgotten strain of music, which has for days been haunting the chambers of the soul, and now like the songs of angels trooping down the sky.

The aged, as they descend into the valley, think of the scenes and pleasures of the morning, when the sky was all aglow with hope. They think of the faces that loved them, of the forms that bent over them, of the eyes that brightened at their coming and in the parting grew sad, of the hands that rested upon their heads, now covered with the mold of the tomb. These memories come to all. If irradiated by love light, if they take us to Jesus, to the society of Christians, to the homes of virtue, they are a perpetual joy; if to scenes of dissipation and to the paths of sin, they are a source of sorrow.

There are those who ignore child life and the responsibilities linked therewith. They care not for a child's happiness, and never deny themselves to enrich a child's memory with a deed of love. They deem it of no practical importance how children live, what they read, or with whom they associate. Such are ruled by mistaken views. Success is not the result of chance, but the ripened fruit of early sowing. "The child is father of the man." "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." These proverbs are no more old than true. It is noticeable that trees which never bear fruit lift their branches proudly upward, while fruit-bearing trees bend their boughs earthward. So it is with great and noble natures, loved by the world and honored by the race. They have bent lovingly to childhood. Those who scorn the delights of home and are glad to seem indifferent to children may have forms of beauty, but they will lack that enriching grace which will cause children to pronounce their names with pleasure, or induce the young to minister unto them when old age becomes a burden, and the path lies amid the snows of Winter, far away from the flowers of Spring. Confucius, Plato, and Socrates are enthroned in the memories of mankind because they opened their hearts to children and devoted their lives to the instruction of youth. It is the infinite tenderness of God toward children that makes us all debtors to the grace which places the child life of Jesus before us. The significance of the truth is best understood when the bright sunny locks are brushed back from the brow,

and the eye, with a wondrous expectancy, looks into yours as the lips exclaim, "Please tell me another story about the baby Jesus." How every part of this story fits, like the cogs of a wheel, into the grooves of childish imaginings! Bethlehem means "the house of bread." Jesus, born there, is called "the bread of life." Every child can understand how the body needs bread, and so he can perceive how the soul needs Jesus.

Jesus is called the Lamb of God. Every child understands the sweet innocence and sportiveness of lamb life. The very fact that Christ was an infant helps us to appreciate the three kinds of infancy—physical, mental, and spiritual. As infancy physical needs food, so does infancy mental require study or thought, and infancy spiritual demands an acquaintance with Christ. The three states can grow together. Hence a child can become a Christian. As Jesus was God before his birth, and was born a child to reach us, so, though we are sinners before birth, we are born again to reach God, and come forth into the sunlight of his love with this pure child nature, which characterized the child life of Jesus. As Christ came to this world a child so that divinity might with shaded eye first look on sin, so we came as children into the spiritual world to look with shaded eye on the glories which can only be dimly foreshadowed to the natural eye. The child life of Jesus is the contribution of heaven to earth. How it has blessed the race we may not be able fully to describe, but intimations may be given which will uncover the hidden truth, and give to its voice a trumpet tone.

Jesus came not in Winter storm and sleet, but in that soft season of the year when Eastern shepherds lodge in the fields all night. Imagine a party of these humble peasants on Judean hills, sitting around their watch-fires, listening to the wolf's long howl creeping up from the dark valley. Suddenly a light flames about them, mysterious and strange. Daylight is round them, and a shining form before them. They were terrified, for they knew not that it was an angel. But he said, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men.' O, it was exquisite, that burst of seraphic melody! and as it "lapped the listeners round and round, it

seemed to sever them from all sin ; it brought God so near, and filled the spirit with such peace, that the soul could easily have been beguiled out of the body ; and as its liquid whisper brought them back and laid them on the earth again, they held their breath in hope that the chorus might once more burst forth. But the guard of honor was going home." The light, the music gathered up itself, and as the pearly portals closed the air fell dark and dead. God had spoken. Heaven had declared itself concerning the child.

The influence was not lost upon the shepherds. "Let us go to Bethlehem," say they, "and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us." And they came with haste. See their eager look. Listen to the footfall of their hurried steps as they pass along Bethlehem's quiet streets, guided by the star hanging over the stable in which Christ was born. To Joseph and Mary they present themselves, impatient to see the child. And the babe was lying in the manger. And that was Christ the Lord. That infant is the Savior—Heaven's gift and costly benediction. Imagine them telling Joseph and Mary what brought them here, and describing the heavenly splendor, the angelic song, and the uttered speech. All was for this child. Mary drank in their words. Prophecy was fulfilled, and she pondered all these things in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them, and so from that time Christ's birthday has been a day of song.

Look again. There are some venerable-looking men, with long robes and white beards, and turbans on their heads and parcels in their hands. The innkeeper thinks there is room for such as they, but they look not in that direction. They pass toward the stable, and when they saw the babe they worshiped Him, and made presents of gold, and silver, and frankincense, and myrrh. Then and there was planted the seedling of the Christmas-tree, whose branches cast their blessed shadow upon all lands, and whose fruits make millions of hearts joyous and glad.

The child proved to be a blessing to them, for the gold given to Mary for his sake defrayed their expenses into Egypt when the king of Judea conspired to seek the life of the young child to destroy him.

There are no accidents with God. The infancy of Christ has a mission unfulfilled, and yet fulfilling more and more as the ages run on. It has borne abundant fruit, but gives promise of still greater harvests. An acquaintance with

the history of the world, and with the views cherished by the majority of mankind regarding children when Christ was born, impresses upon the mind the conviction that Christ Jesus as a child had a mission as specific and as distinct as was the mission of the man Christ Jesus. The child life of Jesus consecrates the child life of humanity. Regarded as a revelation of the Divine purpose concerning our duties to the young, the lessons inculcated deserve to be pondered, and the pictures framed and hung up in the Gospels, so unique, so beautiful, are calculated to awaken profound interest.

Hitherto a child had been regarded as a bundle of possibilities. Jesus was a fact. The shepherds beheld glory to God and peace to the world calmly sleeping in that cradle. It was not what Jesus was to be, it was what he was that thrilled the heart of Simeon and Anna. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." By making them pure in heart God fitted them for seeing Christ ; for the same Holy Spirit who awakened in them the longing for Christ's day told them that Christ was come. All this was revealed to the meek faith and penetrating eye of these heaven-taught worthies ; and however long or short they tarried after this, Simeon and Anna trod the streets of Jerusalem with a consciousness which its proudest citizen might envy. They had seen the great salvation. They had seen the Christ of God. The child had come. His name is Immanuel, God with us, and Simeon, holding the child in his arms, is ready to depart.

Ponder this lesson. Something is meant by it. *The child born was God.* The youngest can understand it. Said a little girl upon whose sweet face the sunlight of three Summers had played : "I don't know God ; he is so great I can't know him ; but I know Jesus Christ, 'cause he was a baby—a little baby born in a manger—so I love Jesus Christ."

When the rumor went abroad that Christ was born, and when the wise men from the East came to gaze upon the wonder, and beheld his condition, the Persic version declares "they stuck at it"—they could not credit their senses, or believe the testimony. To the Greeks it was foolishness, to the Jews a stumbling-block, but to babes and sucklings it is the power of God. From the fact that infancy is a mystery, that a child is the most helpless product of the animal creation, we are not surprised at the wise men.

Involuntarily we speak of a young child as of a thing, and call the thing *it*. Helpless as are infants in general, Christ left to Mary's care, and the angels gone back to heaven, seems most helpless of the infantile world. His mother

was among strangers, and filled with a vague fear, and knew not what way to look for protection and support. The babe is threatened with death. The mother flies to distant Egypt. Every thing about the child seems inexplicable when you think that this is the King Eternal come to establish his kingdom; and yet, from this story, as read and repeated in nursery and in cabin, in school-room and in sanctuary, there is an influence streaming forth which changes the heart of the race, binds to itself the confidences of childhood, stirs up our brooding fancies, and calls forth such expressions of love and gratitude as were never before known. Now if a babe could be God, then a child can be a Christian. A child with Christ within is just as much a Christian as is a man; and, though wise men may "stick at it," we are to accept it as a truth.

A practical question arises here. Do we not ignore this fresh experience of Christian childhood, or of the child life of Jesus in the soul, more than we should? Surely the hearts of God's own children are impressed by nothing so much as by these sweet and innocent expressions, this lisping forth of praises, this warbling of childhood.

A little child claimed to have found Jesus. She was very small and very young. She stood among the aged deacons as Samuel rested at the knee of Eli. "Let us know your evidence, child—what makes you think that you are a Christian?" "'Cause," said this birdling of Jesus, "before my conversion I found something in my heart always saying, 'Do n't mind Jesus, do n't mind mother, don't be good to sister;' but since Jesus washed my sins away, something bids me do what Jesus says, and I love to make all happy at home." When asked why she wished to be baptized, she replied, "Because Jesus set the example, and tells me to follow on to fulfill all righteousness." Every heart was touched, and every head bowed before the little teacher. A little child shall stand forth as a fulfilled prophecy from God, sang Isaiah. "And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord, and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord."

That prophecy has been fulfilled in many a redeemed child. God takes possession of a child's soul, and is wisdom, and power, and might within him.

It becomes us to recognize this truth, and employ it for the glory of God and the good of men. A little encouragement in this direction

secures important results. A boy of some eleven years of age came to his pastor one day and said, "Pastor, I want to do something for Jesus." "What do you wish to do, my son?" "To speak to a man, and tell him to give his heart to God." "Do it," was the injunction. That evening, as this man was going out of church, the lad touched his hand. Pausing and looking into the face of the child, he saw depicted in the full eye and tremulous lip a world of interest, and listening, caught the words, "Will you not stop and give your heart to Jesus?" The arrow, shot at a venture, pierced the joints of the harness of the King's enemy, wherefore, at the urgent invitation, he came forward, saying, "I am wounded." The man who had withstood the appeal of the preacher and of conscience bent before the touch, and melted at the tender look of a little boy. "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth; who hast set thy glory above the heavens! Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger."

It is like the great and infinite God to use children to carry forward his work. Samuel voiced his rebuke to Eli. David slew the giant that defied all Israel. Daniel, as a boy, glorified God by abstinence, by faith and prayer won a proud place in Babylonish history. Jesus recognized the truth that much was hidden from the so-called wise and prudent, and was revealed unto babes. It is not the instrument that is great, but he who wields it to accomplish great purposes. Children should take heart, and believe that as the great Jehovah once took the form of a little child, so a little child may represent him now in the services of love and worship.

Let them also remember, that as flowers blooming among trees, and lambs skipping among the flocks whitening the hill-side, so children are beautiful in the Church of God. They fill the sanctuary with a home look. Teach them to sing and to pray that the thought may blossom into blessed experience,

"The Lord is my shepherd. He makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall unfold me,
And when I walk through the dark valley of death
His rod and his staff will uphold me."

In the faith reposed in this child Jesus we discover another lesson. Rome lifts Mary into prominence, and the child becomes an incident.

The Gospel lifts the child into notice, and Mary and Joseph stand aside and fall into the background of the picture. The fact deserves a moment's consideration. Simeon was an old man, living in Jerusalem, and constantly affirming, "God has told me that I shall see the Lord's Christ before I die." Years had come and gone. One day he saunters into the temple as Joseph and Mary with the child climb Mount Moriah. They enter the temple. Simeon beholds the child. The Spirit whispers, "That is the Lord's Christ." If for a moment Simeon expected an imperial presence, a crowned head and a sceptered hand, his agile faith was not taken aback, and he betrayed no disappointment at the lovely babe, but took Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." It was a wonderful moment in human history. Simeon believed in the boy, and so declared to Mary, saying, "Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against." And there was Anna, a prophetess, a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. And she, coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

How dear must Simeon and Anna have been to the angels and to God! That child was the loveliest object in the universe of God. The lamb lay in the arms of Simeon whose blood was for the healing of the nations. We know what it is to have a friend to love our child, or praise the babe whose presence fills the house. These had done more than praised Jesus. They had recognized his parentage, his mission, and his work. They had welcomed the Lord's Christ and worshiped him.

There is but a thin veil intervening between the what is and the what might have been. It is an action or the lack of it that makes or un-makes us all. God never tells us what it is, no more than he whispered in some Bethlehemite ear, "The mother of Jesus is at the door," but he bids us watch, and commands us to improve every opportunity for usefulness offered, with the assurance that failure is then impossible. What an opportunity for fame was thrown away in Bethlehem! We know not who was in the inn. We know there was no place for the tired Mary. Ah, had some one welcomed her, as we should have thought they gladly would, how the benefactor's name would have lived, linked to the memory of Christ! Such occasions for

lasting remembrance come to all of us. Duties discharged for God's humble ones bind us to God, for whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to a tired disciple may feel that he recognizes in the thirsty one the Lord's Christ.

Neglect is perilous. Bethlehem neglected Mary and was neglected. No angel appeared to them, and they heard not the song that broke over the distant hills where shepherds bivouacked. Simeon's confession of Christ and Anna's recognition of her Lord in the child made their names immortal, for whosoever confesseth Christ shall be remembered.

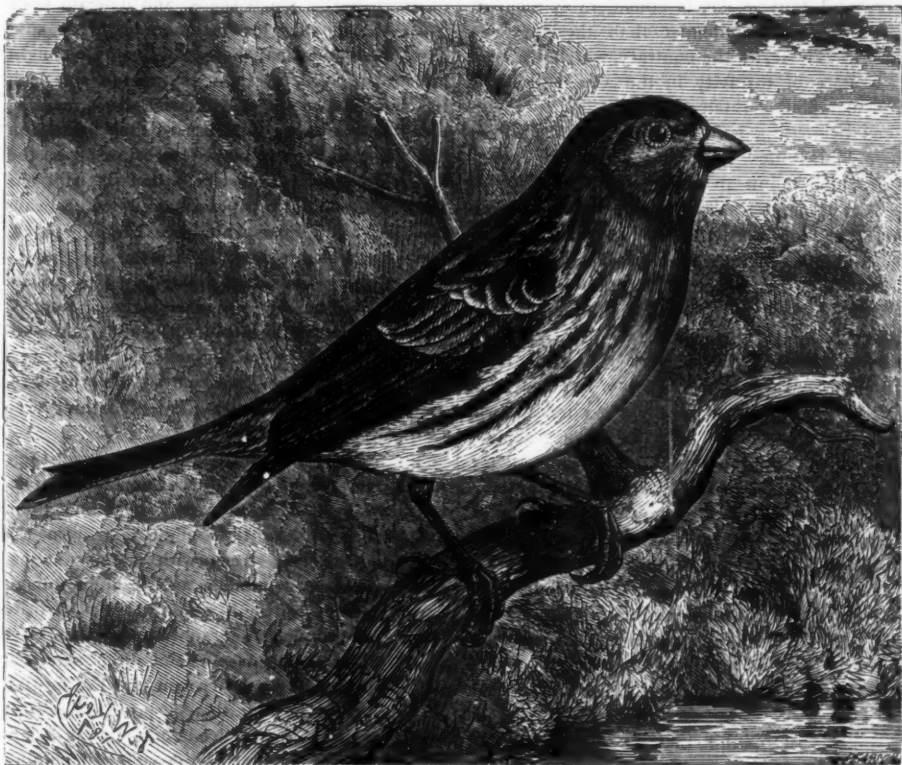
Let us not lose the incidental lesson taught by this simple story. Faith in childhood is a duty and it is a power. Each of us remembers some one who, in our tender years, whispered, "I believe in you," or who expressed faith in our future. This faith is a potential force when exercised by a parent or a teacher. Men there are who have grown great and rich who yet find their chiefest joy in ministering to the comfort of those who believed in them when life was just commencing. Churches have been built, institutions of learning endowed, and legacies left because of the recollections and the influences of child life upon the subsequent life of the individual.

The child life of Jesus underlies the literature, the worship, and the purposes of the Church, as subterranean rivers flowing beneath the sands of India underlie the fertility of her pasture fields. It is this which fills the air of the sanctuary and of home with warblings of our Christmas carol. The kingly and the Divine nature of Christ shone forth in nothing more than in his fidelity as a child when a child, and in his remembrance of and love for children after he had revealed himself to the world as "God manifest in the flesh." The boy that used Joseph's tools, and read the Scriptures at Mary's feet, when he became the *Wonderful* and *Counselor* took little children in his arms and blessed them. Let that spirit irradiate our hearts and bless our lives. The roots of life are in the heart, the fruits are the actions. The child life of Jesus contains the garnered seed with which God desires to sow the hearts of children. Let us not thrust it aside for wordy fictions or fables of man's devising, but believing that these thoughts, and words, and deeds of Christ, if welcomed to the soul, will re-appear as pictures on the walls of those mansions our Master has gone to prepare, let us give them welcome, assured that the washed and forgiven here will gather with God's little ones there, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE CANARY.

THREE centuries have elapsed since the Canary bird first left its native isles to become a citizen of the world, and now who could recognize in our beautiful golden little favorite the wild green species from which it is descended? The change reminds us of the difference sometimes observable between two brothers, one of whom has experienced all the advantages of society and cultivation, while the other has remained in his rustic, but perhaps happier position. It is to Bolle we are indebted

for the first reliable history of the Canary in its wild state, as until his time we were only acquainted with the tamed species. The writers of former times have given us many examples of this bird, but their accounts have bordered somewhat upon the marvelous. They were even mistaken as to its original haunts. The naturalists of the last century were somewhat better informed; but even Buffon has assisted in the spread of erroneous ideas concerning its history. "Goldfinches and citronfinches," says Bolle, "must be contented to descend from the position they have hitherto occupied as sup-



THE WILD CANARY.

posed progenitors of the Canary. Humboldt was the first who could speak with any authority as having seen the Canary in its wild state, having become acquainted with it in 1799, during his residence in Teneriffe." More modern ornithologists have been far from giving this bird the praise it deserves, and we have to thank Bolle alone for so beautiful and exhaustive a description of its life and habits that nothing more remains to be desired. The following account is drawn from his work:

The writer we quote found this species occu-

pying the seven wooded islands called the Canaries, and even some parts of Madeira; the latter fact leading him to suppose that this bird may have lived upon all these islands before their trees were cut down. It is principally to be met with in such places as are covered with wood or shrubs, and are situated near springs of water in the interior, which in Summer form brooks, margined during the entire year by a border of delicate plants; it is also found in the gardens and houses of the inhabitants, and is quite as numerous in crowded towns as in

the quietest nooks—indeed, it is seen in all parts, even at an altitude of 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, except in the thick damp forests formed by laurel and holly trees, beyond the borders of which Bolle never observed it to settle. It may be also frequently met with in the vineyards, or in fir plantations that cover rocky declivities. It is at present uncertain whether this bird occupies the high ground during the Winter, but it has been found at an altitude of 4,000 feet late in the Autumn. The wild Canary, which, even in its native woods, is called "Canario," both by the Spaniards and Portuguese, is considerably smaller, and usually more slender than these we see tamed. Those, on the contrary, which are kept in a state of captivity in the Canary Islands have completely retained their original dimensions by mating with birds newly taken from their wild state. The adult male wild Canary is greenish yellow upon the back, with blackish streaks upon the shafts of the feathers, which are so broadly bordered with bright ashy gray that the latter might almost be described as the principal color. The hinder part of the body is yellowish green, the upper tail-covers excepted, which are green, edged with ash-gray; the head and neck feathers are yellowish green, with narrow gray borders; the forehead and two long stripes which run in a circular form over the eyes to the neck are of a greenish-gold color, and the throat, upper part of the breast, and sides of the neck are, on the contrary, of an ash-gray. The lower portion of the breast is of a paler yellowish tint, the belly and under tail-covers whitish, the shoulders a beautiful siskin-green, bordered with pale black and green, the blackish wing quill-feathers are edged with green, and the blackish-gray tail-feathers sprinkled with white; the eyes are brown, the beak and feet a brownish flesh color.

Bolle is of opinion that the plumage above described is only acquired at the end of the second year. The female is brownish-gray upon the back, with broad black lines along the shafts of the feathers; the neck and top of the head are similarly colored, but the ground color of the feathers is green. The cheek-stripes are gray, the forehead green, and the cheeks partly greenish yellow and partly a bluish ash-gray. The neck is encircled by a line that is yellowish green in front, merging into bluish ash-gray at the back; this ring, however, is not very distinct. The shoulders and small upper wing-feathers are a light yellowish green, the whitish-gray borders of which are broader, but not so beautiful as in those of the old male bird. The

lower part of the breast and belly are white, and the feathers at the sides of the body brown, with dark lines at the shafts. The plumage of the young birds is brownish, shading into yellow upon the breast, with a few touches of lemon-yellow upon the cheeks and throat. The colors are extremely difficult to describe, owing to the delicacy with which the different shades are blended, and we may therefore add that the plumage is almost the same as that with which we are familiar in what we call our tame green or gray Canaries.

The food of these birds consists principally of green herbs, small seeds, and delicate juicy fruits—a ripe fig, for instance, with its soft, juicy flesh and small kernels, is eagerly sought for and enjoyed, as soon as the too ripe fruit has burst its violet or yellowish-green mantle, for until this happy time arrives their small and delicate beak is quite powerless to penetrate the distended skin. A fig-tree, when its fruit has reached this point of ripeness, is indeed a beautiful sight for those who have been fortunate enough to see it literally covered by the various singing birds that are tempted to rob its branches. Blackbirds, greenfinches, tomits, and many others, come in variegated confusion to share the dainty in common with our friend the Canary. Water is essential to its welfare, as it drinks much, and is fond of bathing very frequently.

These birds pair and begin to construct their nest about the end of March, never, as far as we have been able to ascertain, fixing upon a spot that is less than eight feet from the ground, preferring trees with slender stems, either evergreens or such as don their foliage early in the Spring. Among their favorite trees pears and pomegranates hold the first place. The orange-tree is not often selected, on account of its bushy crown, and the fig-tree is never employed for this purpose. The nest is always built in a retired spot, but is easily discovered on account of the constant coming and going of the male bird. The first that we saw was found toward the end of March, in a deserted garden of Villa Arotava, upon a box-tree about twelve feet in height, that stood above a myrtle hedge. The nest merely rested upon the tree, being built between the forked portions of a branch, and was beautifully constructed. It was broad at the base, and very narrow at the top, with a tiny little entrance. The walls were formed throughout of snow-white wool, woven together with a few blades of grass. The first egg was laid upon the first of March, and one was added daily till there were five in all, this appearing to be the usual

number of a brood, though from time to time we have found but three or four in a nest. The eggs are of a pale sea-green, spotted with reddish brown, but are sometimes of a uniform color; they exactly resemble those of the tame bird, and the time during which the female sits upon them is the same in both cases. The young remain in the nest until fully fledged, and for some time after are tended by both parents, and fed from the crop with great care. The Canary breeds usually four times in the year, but occasionally only three times. In July the molting season commences, after which no more eggs are laid.

During the period of incubation the male bird perches upon a tree near his mate, and from thence delights her with his song of encouragement and sympathy. It is a real pleasure to listen to this pretty songster, as it inflates its throat and pours forth its lay, turning, as it sings, from one side to another, as though to bathe its glowing breast in the flood of bright sunlight. All at once it hears the call of its little companion, and darts with responsive tenderness to perch at her side—indeed, in our opinion this modestly attired bird, as it sits surrounded by all the varied and delicious blossoms of its native trees, is a far more attractive spectacle than its more brightly colored and elegant brother, with whose appearance in captivity we are all so familiar. We do not deny that the beauty of the objects that surrounded these Canaries had much to do with the admiration with which they inspired us, and many a time they have caused us for a moment to forget that we were sojourning in a strange land, their song exactly recalling the voices of the warblers we had heard at home.

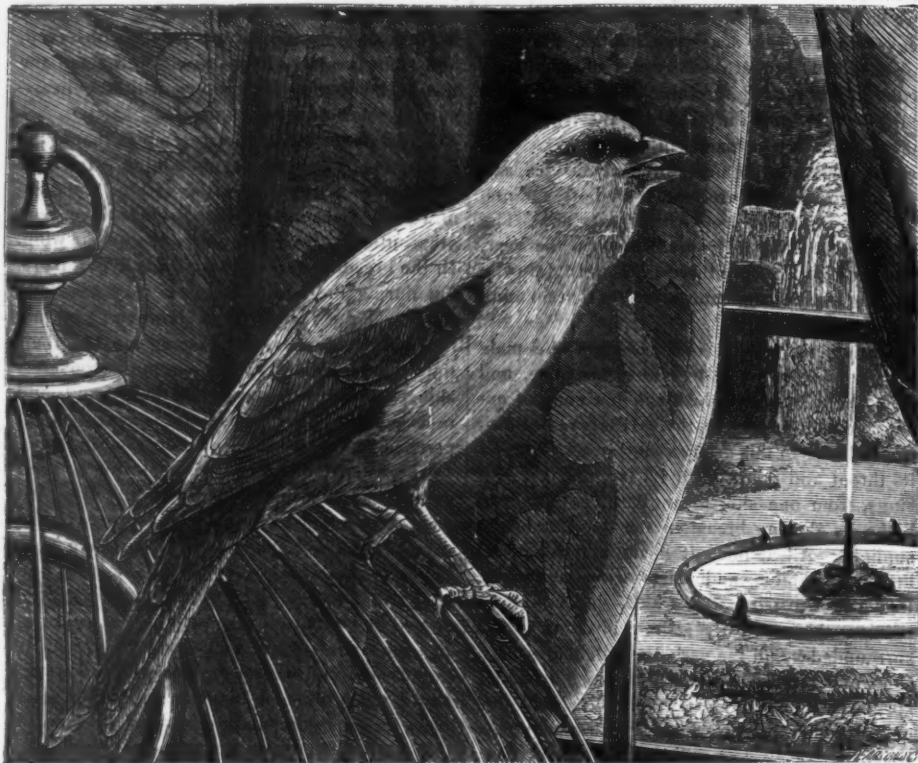
Much has been said, and very varied opinions expressed, as to the relative merits of the song of these birds when free or in captivity, and for our part we consider that such as have been tamed in no way surpass their brethren of the woods, either in skill or beauty of tone. Whatever trifling modifications may be noticed, either as regards greater purity of sound or more artistic performance, the song is unchanged, and proves that though the language of a country may be entirely lost, yet the notes of these feathered songsters remain ever the same. We fully admit that our tame Canaries are at a great disadvantage when compared with their brothers of the groves, for that which sounds delightful in a dusty room, gains unquestionably a thousand fold by being heard in a spot where the singer has God's heaven above him, and masses of roses and jessamine at his feet. We would, however, by no means lead the reader to sup-

pose that all wild Canaries are equally gifted; with them, as with all other singing birds, many degrees of skill and beauty may be observed, and some we have heard would well stand the test of comparing their notes with the heart-stirring tones of the nightingale.

The flight of the Canary resembles that of the linnet, being somewhat undulating. In their passage from tree to tree the various members of a party fly at some little distance from each other, uttering their call-note while on the wing. In the breeding season these birds live in pairs, but during the rest of the year they associate in very large flocks, often, however, dividing into smaller parties, and passing most of their time upon a chosen spot, spending a considerable portion of the day upon the ground, and re-assembling after sunset to pass the night perched in the branches of their favorite trees.

The capture of these birds is, owing to their great sociability, unattended with any difficulty, and even nestlings will run at the call of a decoy. In the Canary Islands we have seen linnets or goldfinches employed for this purpose with success. The snaring of this species should be carried on very early in the morning, in such spots as are well watered and rich in fine trees. On these occasions we have always found much interest in observing, from some place of concealment, the various movements and lively gestures of the unwary little victims as they run to meet their fate, and have ourselves seen from sixteen to twenty birds caught during a few hours; of these the unfledged young formed the larger proportion. The Canary is a restless creature, and must pass some time in captivity before it can be taught to lay aside its wild habits. The birds we have kept began to molt at the latter end of August, and some of them had not entirely resumed their plumage by the month of December. These latter we imagined to be the youngest members of the party, and the yellow color in all cases was first visible upon their breasts.

As regards the habits of the Canary when tamed we quote Lenz, a naturalist well qualified to furnish all the particulars that could possibly be desired: "In order to ascertain where the finest specimens could be obtained, I sought throughout the whole of Germany and its surrounding countries, not omitting to place myself in correspondence with various distant portions of the world, and am now fully persuaded that the choicest birds are to be procured at Andreasdorf, in the Hartz Mountains, and the neighboring villages. In the above-mentioned place almost every house has its breeding-room set apart for their cultivation. Many families live



THE TAME CANARY.

entirely by this means, and we were told by an official belonging to the place that Canaries are sold to the value of 12,000 rix-dollars during the course of the year from this village alone. It is quite unknown when this business was first established in the Hartz Mountains, but that locality affords in plenty three great requisites for its success: wood in such profusion that the cost of warming the Canaries' apartments throughout the year is very trifling, abundance of rape-seed and white bread, the corn for which is grown with ease in the beautiful meadows that surround the villages. The songs of the birds reared on this spot are very various, but in no case have we heard a really bad singer, while many possess voices of unusual power and sweetness."

In Andreasdorf a bird of uniform pale yellow plumage, and without a crest, is much preferred, because those that are uniformly tinted can not be spoiled by irregular markings, and because the male nestling of this species is easily recognized on account of its tints about the eyes and region of the beak; even after the young have left the nest this distinguishing feature is for

some time observable, and the sexes may be thus readily ascertained. The superfluous female birds are sent early in the Summer upon their travels through the world in the care of an itinerant salesman, and hundreds of the males are taken in October and November to be sold by wholesale dealers in large cities, or exported to Russia and America. The Canaries reared in other neighboring districts can not equal those of Andreasdorf in their song, though they are very superior to such as are obtained elsewhere.

The following hints may perhaps be useful to our readers in the choice of a tame specimen: First, entirely green birds, or such as are brightly marked with green, are usually very strong, and, in consequence, their voice is often disagreeably loud; secondly, such as are of a yellowish brown or dark yellow are weakly, and seldom breed; thirdly, the variegated kinds do not often have prettily marked young; fourthly, such as have red eyes are weak; and, fifthly, should birds with a crest be preferred, the purchaser must be careful that there are no bare spots on it. In order to insure a good singing

Canary, it is necessary to procure such as have parents gifted in that respect, and during the course of instruction the bird should not be allowed to hear the song of finches, larks, and nightingales, as the notes which it would thus acquire would be unnatural, and, therefore, soon forgotten. In Andreasdorf the people are most careful only to allow the young to copy the notes of such male singers as are experts in the art; and should the little pupil, even when four years of age, hear a bad singer it is pretty sure to imitate all its faults, and even in old age will sometimes retain this tiresome trick.

The Canary will learn tunes played upon an organ with little difficulty, but after a time often perform them inaccurately. We have tried the experiment of placing the pupil with two old males, and have always found it prefer to imitate the bird whose song gives it the least trouble, and thus it acquires shakes and trilling notes with much greater ease than the flute-like tones, or deep-rolling song of the nightingale. A Canary belonging to an artist residing at Bordeaux, possesses the remarkable faculty of singing whenever it feels disposed with the beak closely shut, producing its song, which is very clear, apparently from the top of its throat, and giving the effect, as in ventriloquism, of a voice proceeding, not from its owner, but from some distance.

The cage of a bird under tuition must be placed in such a position that it can be constantly visited and instructed; and at such a distance from the window as will prevent its being disturbed, in which case it is liable to become irritated, and learn to scream or sing in a very disjointed manner. The diet should consist entirely of rape-seed and white bread steeped in water, so that the food being simple, the pupil may not be distracted from its song by the daintiness of its fare. Green stuff or fruit should not be given to it, as producing the same result. The wires of the cage should be so close together that the bird can not stretch its neck between them and look round, and should it appear inclined to try to peck at such things as bits of paper, thread, etc., these should be removed and four oats given to it daily, thus affording exercise for its beak. If the Canary has been always in the habit of living alone it should not be allowed to see another of its kind, or it will immediately begin to scream instead of singing gently; but if more convenient to place it with other males, the cages should be hung close together so as to enable them to be constantly aware of each other's presence.

When a young bird has been trained in this manner for two years, it may be considered to

have learned all that it is capable of acquiring. As regards the cage, great care should be taken that it has no brass or paint about it; the floor should be strewed with sand, and the bird furnished with some atoms of clay or crushed egg or snail-shells. The perches are best when made from the wood of the lime-tree. Great precautions are necessary to prevent the entrance of vermin into the cage, and should they be detected both cage and bird must immediately be washed with linseed or rape-seed oil. Except during the breeding season, the females may all be kept together in a large cage, that is, if they will live in peace, which is not always the case. The place in which the cage hangs ought to be kept tolerably warm, but should the bird be exposed to a hot sun a screen should be provided. In Winter the females may be kept without injury in a room in which the temperature is below freezing-point, but the male under such circumstances refuses to sing; many experiments have proved to us that these birds can endure extreme cold if only well fed, and provided with snow to drink instead of water. Canaries should be screened from draughts. Some perfumes are very injurious to them; one evening we placed a blooming *orchis bifolia* in a room occupied by three of these delicate creatures, and in the morning found the two females dead, and the male so overcome that he was only saved by prompt attention. The use of the common kind of lamp oil blackens the feathers, but does not in other respects injure the bird.

As to the most suitable food, we can only refer to the treatment adopted by the inhabitants of Andreasdorf, of which we gave a detailed account in a previous page. The average age attained by the Canary in Malaga is sixteen years, but we have heard of cases where by great attention they have lived to the age of twenty. Should it be desired to render a favorite very tame, no food should be given in the cage, the bird being thus compelled to take all from the hand. The Canary is well known to be a most docile pupil, and will learn to exhibit its skill by spelling words that are repeated to it, selecting the letters in proper order from an alphabet laid before it; will find the required pieces of cloth from among several others; and has been taught to add up, multiply, or divide figures by the assistance of numbers given it to choose from. Others will sing when commanded, pretend to fall dead when a pistol is fired, then allow themselves to be laid on a little car to be carried to the grave by two other Canaries, and when the journey is accomplished will jump up and sing a lively song. All these

tricks are taught as with dogs or horses, by keeping them without food until the order has been obeyed.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or, of the Eternal, co-eternal beam;
May I express thee unblamed? since God is Light."

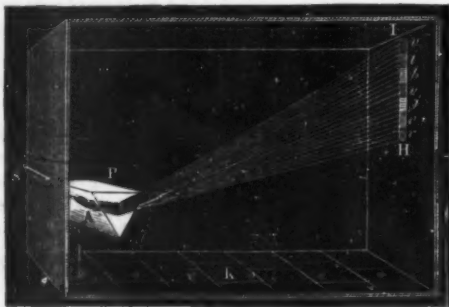
MILTON.

"It is the oldest of all words; the first word ever recorded to have been pronounced. It is the Hebrew word for light (AOR)."

SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL.

PROFESSOR YOUNG says that "beyond all comparison the most brilliant and startling conquest which the human mind has yet made over the domain of Nature, consists in that group of discoveries which is described by the term *Spectrum Analysis*. It provokes amazement in every respect. In the first place the developments have been made with a rapidity that is almost astounding—the whole thing having been done in ten years."

We design in this paper to give a brief résumé of the origin and achievements of this newest of the sciences. The first step in these discoveries was that of Sir Isaac Newton in the year 1701; namely, the discovery of the power of the prism to decompose light. This



PRISMATIC SPECTRUM.

consists in the fact that a ray of white light, when passed through a transparent prism, is separated into the various colors of the spectrum; namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. It is thus shown that the white ray is compound, and that the prism decomposes this ray into the variously colored constituent rays. If we compare the white ray to a closed fan, the opening of the fan will represent the effect of the prism in spreading out and exhibiting separately the constituent rays. We shall suppose the fan to consist of seven ribs or sections, representing the seven primitive colors; when the fan is shut these colors are not visible, but when it is opened it repre-

sents the spectrum of white light. Or it may be compared to a rope made up of strands of the various colors of the spectrum, and the prism serves by refraction to open up the rope and present the strands separately. The position of the various colors in the spectrum is perfectly fixed; the fan may be opened more or less, but the relative positions of the ribs or colors are always the same. In case any other colored ray of light than white be passed through the prism, the spectrum gives only the primitive colors necessary to make up the given color. If, for example, yellow is wanting, the spectrum will give a black band instead of a yellow one. If, on the other hand, the color transmitted through the prism be an elementary color, there will be only one band—as in the case of a yellow flame produced by sodium; all the other colors are wanting, and only one yellow band is given; the flame in which lithium is diffused gives only two bands—yellow and red.

Optical science was long satisfied with this glance into the interior constitution of light, occupying itself with the phenomena of the prismatic colors and theorizing on the nature of white light. The later researches of Young and Fresnel in double refraction and polarization have no direct connection with our subject, and may be passed over. In 1802 Dr. Wollaston, an English philosopher, discovered that by using a narrow slit instead of a round hole, through which to admit the light upon the prism, the resulting spectrum was no longer continuous, but was divided at intervals by dark lines extending across it in a direction parallel to the edge of the prism. Dr. Wollaston only mapped two dark lines; these attracted considerable attention at the time, but their meaning was not understood.

When a ray of light passes through a hole say an eighth of an inch in diameter, and is decomposed by the prism, the spectrum so produced is imperfect, inasmuch as an infinite number of spectra are thus superposed, and for this reason, that the rays of light entering on the right side of the aperture will give a spectrum falling in a different place from that formed by the rays entering on the left. In order, therefore, to diminish the confusion caused by the superposition of a number of spectra, the aperture ought to be reduced to a narrow slit. When the thin slice of light passing through the slit is decomposed by the prism we find that the purity of the color is greatly increased, and the lines in question make their appearance more or less in all parts of the colored bands.

In 1815, Fraunhofer, an optician of Munich, turned his attention to the subject, which Wol-

laston had dropped; investigated the spectrum with great care, and made a map of some five hundred and ninety of these dark lines. Eight of the most conspicuous of these lines are designated by the first eight letters of the alphabet—their position being as follows:

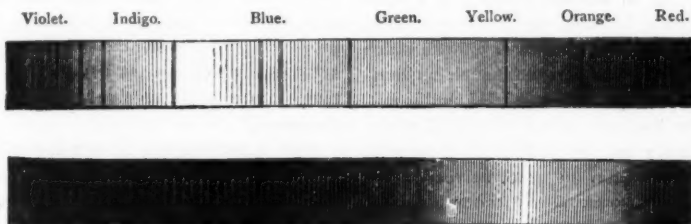
- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| A. Beginning of red. | E. Middle of green. |
| B. Middle of red. | F. Beginning of blue. |
| C. Beginning of orange. | G. Middle of indigo. |
| D. Middle of yellow. | H. Middle of violet. |

The designation of these lines has been retained to the present day, and they have been named after the Munich philosopher, being known as Fraunhofer's lines. There are thousands of these lines, and every new refinement in observation detects additional ones.

After Fraunhofer, Sir David Brewster prepared another map, which comprehended more than two thousand of these lines; and we are

told by his biographer that some portions of this map were executed with such extraordinary precaution that the observer used a telescope lined with black velvet to stifle any reflected light, and *washed the cornea of his eye to cleanse the lubricating fluid.* These lines are very unequally distributed, some being crowded together in masses, while others are extremely faint, and are separated by large intervals. An imaginary chart of these would resemble the railing of a park stretching for hundreds of yards, with the palisades varying in breadth from that of a straw to a two-foot board, and inserted at all kinds of intervals, in a perfectly upright posture, but in such an eccentric way that while the designer intended to keep out all intruders at certain places, he did not care what gaps he left at others.

These dark lines have long been an enigma



SPECTRA, SHOWING THE DARK LINES.

to physicists. It was plain that they indicated that some of the rays were somewhere absorbed or obstructed. Was there some defect in the solar light itself? or did every golden beam that reached us from the sun carry no less than two thousand blemishes? or were portions of the ray absorbed or arrested in their passage through the atmosphere of the sun, on the one hand, or of the earth on the other? Possibly they might arise from the interference of certain waves of light which, neutralizing each other, as waves of light are known to do in various phenomena, would produce unilluminated intervals. But to all these questions no satisfactory reply could be given; and the black lines, which are, as we shall presently see, wonderfully significant, were then the curious and apparently insoluble puzzle in optics. But they were there in the solar spectrum, and meant something, and the facts must be investigated, the truth hidden here in a ray of light must be illuminated.

The sun is not a monopolist in the matter of light; other spectra may be produced by terrestrial light, and a comparison of these might perhaps serve to clear up the mystery, or at least suggest some meaning in these enigmat-

ical lines. In prosecuting these experiments there were found to be three distinct classes of spectra:

1st. When the light of a solid or liquid body, as iron raised to a white heat, is passed through a prism the spectrum is continuous, and consists of a series of distinct colors, varying from red on one side to violet on the other.

2d. If the light of a burning gas, containing any volatilized substance, be passed through a prism, the spectrum is not continuous, but consists of a few bright bands, separated by dark intervals, varying with the substance used—sodium giving two yellow lines, strontia a red one, silver two beautiful green ones. Each element produces a definite series, which can be readily recognized as its test.

3d. If a light of the first kind be passed through one of the second the spectrum will be found to be crossed by *dark lines*. Thus if the white light of a burning match be passed through a flame containing sodium, instead of the vivid yellow lines, so characteristic of that metal, two black lines will exactly occupy their place—"a gaseous flame absorbs the rays of the same color that it emits."

Now, in all these cases, whatever species of

spectrum a given substance in a given state may affect, its characteristics are invariable, and its lines, whether bright or dark, make their appearance at the same part of the field, and at the same relative distance, with a precision which is infallible.

Again. On collating the spectra afforded by sundry artificial flames with the spectrum exhibited by the sun, it was perceived that numerous correspondences existed. Sodium, when burned, gave a double line in the spectrum, exactly corresponding to the line lettered D in the solar alphabet. Then, as no other substance was found to yield the same signature, and sodium persisted, in all experiments, whether in large or small quantities, in maintaining this cognizance, it was the conclusion of Kirchoff that this metal existed in the sun itself. He also ascertained that not in this instance only, but in several, there was a complete coincidence between certain sets of lines exhibited in the solar spectrum and those which characterize sundry substances, such as magnesium, chromium, potassium, nickel, and iron—the latter, for instance, when vaporized, yields about 460 lines; and on comparing these with the prismatic sunbeam an exact corresponding system was found to exist. In the progress of the inquiry a very important fact was developed. It was this: when a spectrum of the first class, above, was produced, it could be changed to the second class by means of an electrical current, or by raising it to a state of incandescent vapor. It was a magical change. A number of bright lines would start into existence, colored according to their position in the spectral field, separated by obscure intervals, as if the greater part of the prismatic image had been suppressed, and a dark background substituted, for the purpose of displaying those tinted stripes to the utmost advantage. These facts had a wonderful meaning; for if a body situate at a distance of millions of miles should, when prismatically examined, deliver its light in the first form, we must pronounce it a solid or liquid mass; whereas, if the light came to us in the second form, we must pronounce it the product of incandescent gas. This great law of the spectrum enabled us to determine beyond doubt what had long been a matter of theory in astronomy, that the fixed stars were similar in character to our sun.

It was now the third class of spectra that presented the puzzle; and we return to this class.

It was evident, as above stated, that since the tinted bands produced by sundry chemical elements, such as sodium, lithium, magnesium,

chromium, nickel, iron, etc., were found to be represented by black bars in the solar beam, that some agency existed which suppressed the light precisely at the point where it might be expected to appear. Amid further researches it was found that when the light from any highly heated solid traversed a gas or vapor, those very lines which it was its function to produce were stricken out. In a word, it was ascertained as a great law "that a gaseous flame absorbs the rays of the same color that it emits." Thus, when sodium has written its character, the double line known as D in the yellow, and light from an intensely heated solid like lime is sent through it, and then dispersed by the prism, that double line will be changed from yellow into a deep black. Why does this erasure take place? It was suggested by Dr. Balfour Stewart, of England, that it is one of the laws of heat that "bodies are always radiating caloric to each other till an equilibrium is produced; and that, consequently, any given substance which wishes to maintain a constant temperature must receive back as much as it disburses."

Prof. Roscoe gives it as a law of light upon this same principle: "An incandescent gas, which is giving off only certain kinds of light, . . . must have the power of absorbing those kinds of light, and those kinds only. This is what we find to be the case with the luminous sodium vapor: it has a very high power of emission for the D rays, and it has a proportionate high power of absorption for that kind of light, but for that kind only; and we see that every substance, which emits at a given temperature certain kinds of light, must possess the power at that same temperature of absorbing the same kinds of light."

Let us see now what laws we have ascertained:

First. Each chemical element where volatilized, and in a luminous condition, exhibits certain bright lines, or combination of bright lines, in the spectrum; these we call its autograph or trade mark. No two chemical elements, so far as is known at present, give any line identical.

If chemical elements are mechanically mixed or compounded, when burned in the same flame each element will force its way into the prismatic field, and, however small the quantity, will write its own autograph. Thus a single grain of lithium, vaporized in conjunction with thousands of lithium, will give its own red and yellow as accurately as the lithium. The same experiment with brass will show it to be compounded of zinc and copper, the zinc giving its red and blue lines, the copper giving its own brilliant green.

Second. We have ascertained also that great law stated above in our definition of the third class of spectra; namely, a gaseous flame absorbs the rays of the same color that it emits.

Third. We also have a test by which we can ascertain beyond a doubt whether a body yielding light, whatever the distance, is in a solid or gaseous condition.

Such are the resources placed at our disposal by spectrum analysis. A totally new mode of chemical analysis was thus hit upon, far surpassing the re-agents of the laboratory, a method which is styled "a revelator of the constitution of the universe." "Chemistry," says Youman, "was fused with astronomy, and the universal agent of light became the powerful servant of the laboratory. At the very first step several new elements were discovered, the existence of which had never before been suspected."

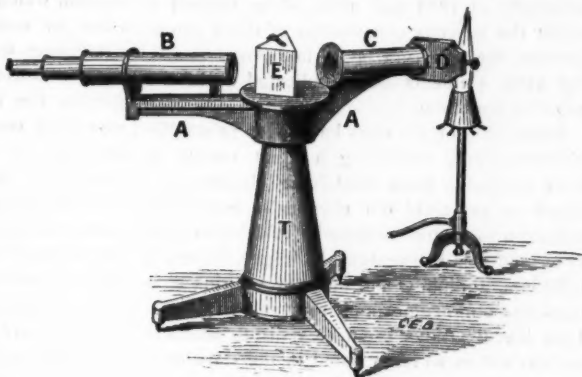
Examining with the spectrum the ash of some mineral waters, Professor Bunsen thought he saw some lines which did not belong to substances already known. He then boiled down forty-four tons of Durkheim spring water, and got a couple of hundred grains of residue, from which he extracted two new metals, cesium and rubidium, which resemble potassium. The rubidium has been found in the ash of oak, of beet-root, of tobacco, coffee, tea, and cocoa.

The spectrum analysis is not a mere instrument of chemical research; it has a practical applicability. "The Bessamer process, as it is called, is a method of converting cast-iron directly into steel. Cast-iron contains more carbon than steel, and it is converted into steel by burning this carbon of the molten white hot mass by a blast of atmospheric air. In this operation five tons of cast-iron are converted, in twenty minutes, into five tons of cast-steel. But the success of the process depends upon being able to stop it at just the right time. If continued ten seconds too long, or stopped ten seconds too quickly, the batch is spoiled. The flame, of course, is an index of the advance of the combustion, and by watching it with the spectroscope the appearance and disappearance of the lines indicate the exact moment at which the operation is to be arrested."

"The spectroscope promises to become a very valuable instrument in medico-legal investigations into the evidences of criminality. Blood stains may be detected with extreme delicacy, also the presence of poisons. Mr.

Serby has shown that the one-thousandth part of a grain of the red coloring matter of a blood stain may be detected with the greatest certainty."

The Spectroscope.—This instrument consists of two small telescopes with a prism mounted between their object-glasses, in the manner shown in the cut. The rays of light enter through a narrow slit at D, and are rendered parallel by the object-glass; they then pass through the prisms at E, are separated into the different colors, and entering the second tele-



THE SPECTROSCOPE.

scope B fall upon the eye at F. A third telescope is attached in such a way as to reflect a minutely accurate scale upon the prism for measuring the distances of the lines. A mirror may throw in a ray of sunlight or starlight at one side of the slit, so that we can compare the spectrum of the sunbeam with that of any flame we desire.

The greatest achievement of this new science is in its celestial applications. The constitution of the heavenly bodies had hitherto been a matter of pure conjecture; now it is definite and positive knowledge. Our sun and the fixed stars are now known to be bodies constructed upon a general plan, consisting of a solid or liquid nucleus, heated to the temperature of the brightest whiteness, surrounded by an atmosphere of somewhat lower temperature. We have detected in the sun's atmosphere sixteen of the chemical elements which abound in our planet; namely, sodium, calcium, barium, magnesium, iron, chromium, nickel, copper, zinc, strontium, cadmium, cobalt, hydrogen, manganese, aluminum, titanium.

If the solar light came from the photosphere of the sun, the spectrum would exhibit bright bands, and the body of the sun, shielded by some intermediate envelope, might be an inhabitable body; but the spectrum indicating a

body beyond the solar atmosphere so intensely hot as to vaporize such metals as iron, copper, and zinc, consequently reporting a world that can not be inhabited by creatures having any form of existence resembling ourselves or of any earthly type.

The author of "The Sun our Heaven," would find neither water nor moisture for "the river of water of life," and no gold for the "gold-paved streets."

The observations taken upon the sun's rose-colored prominences during the total eclipses, especially of 1868 and 1869, show beyond a doubt the gaseous constitution of these prominences, the spectrum being in colored bands, the same elements being indicated as in the negative spectrum.

Some sixty of the stars have been prismatically examined, exhibiting a great variety in their spectrum, some containing elements not found as yet amid our chemicals, and hence unknown to us and unnamed. Aldebaran contains sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, iron, and hydrogen. Late investigations seem to indicate that the various colors so often noted in the stars indicate a difference in the chemical elements of which they are composed.

"The double star B Cygni is a very beautiful example of the distribution of color between two members of a stellar group. One star shows a strong spectrum with the blue and violet portions almost totally blotted out, while its companion is similarly circumstanced with respect to the yellow and orange portions of its spectrum. The color of one is consequently orange, the other a delicate blue." If these stars are the principal members of a system, the alternation of blue and orange days must present a singular phenomenon to those who inhabit their satellites.

In May, 1866, in the Corona Borealis, a small star, perhaps of the tenth or twelfth magnitude, suddenly blazed up into a luminary of the second magnitude. It gradually declined for about one month, till it appeared no larger than aforetime. In about two months it began to blaze up again, but did not reach its magnitude of May and June, and again it waned till, in a few weeks, it was of its former insignificance. This object was eagerly observed by Dr. Miller and Mr. Huggins, who found, to their astonishment, that it yielded two spectra; the one imposed upon the other, though obviously independent. There was the prismatic ribbon crossed by dark lines which belongs to the sun and stars generally; and there was another superimposed in which

four bright lines appeared, and these, according to known laws, indicated that some luminous gas or gases was sending forth its light from the surface of that orb. As these four lines were brighter than the rest of the spectrum, the source from which they came must have been more intensely heated than the underlying photosphere from which the stellar light proceeded. Two of the bright lines were hydrogen lines; the other two unknown. As the star had suddenly flamed up, the supposition was that it had become unwrapped in burning hydrogen, which had been liberated in large quantities by some convulsions of that orb, and combining with other elements had set this hapless world on fire. In this fierce conflagration the combustible gas, it is supposed, was soon consumed, and, therefore, gradually the flaming world would pale into its usual dimensions, subject, of course, to other convulsions and conflagrations as it afterward had. Have we beheld in our day* a world meet the fate which Peter depicts for our globe—"When the heavens—or atmosphere—being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat?" Let the wicked fear, but let the righteous rejoice in that "there shall be new heavens and a new earth." Viewed in the light of modern science, a similar conflagration is by no means an impossible thing to our own globe.

The spectrum of the planets is only a paler solar spectrum, their light being reflected light. There are strong indications, however, of an atmosphere in the planets, and here we await the progress of science.

But what says the spectroscope of comets? The Ettrick shepherd wrote a poem some years ago in which he embodied the fancied views of some theologians of the day, representing comets as worlds whose inhabitants had sinned out their allotted days, and which were stricken from their orbits and sent wandering through space with their damned inhabitants. The poem was not wanting in real merit, and will be recalled by those who read the Ladies' Repository some twenty years ago, where it is quoted nearly entire. The spectroscope, however, when brought to bear upon comets, shows them to be composed of a self-luminous gas. The comets are being observed closely in their irregular visits, and future investigations will reveal to us the gases of which they are composed.

A few moments of spectroscopic observation

*So immense is the distance of a star of the twelfth magnitude that it takes light, according to the calculation of Mr. Struve, about 4,000 years to reach the earth; so that this conflagration may have taken place before the days of Abraham.

of the nebulae gave us more information concerning their constitution than a century of speculation. They gave bright instead of dark lines in the spectrum; they were therefore gaseous, glowing in a self-luminous condition. As far as the character of their gases is known in the present state of the science, it is impossible to determine whether these collections of gaseous matter are in sufficient variety and quantity to cool and condense into solid bodies like the stars. The most probable theory is that such is the case, and that we behold in a nebula "an infant world."

The spectroscope has been testing the character of the Aurora Borealis, and the Zodiacal light, and the August and November meteors. The results of these investigations we have not space to give in this paper. So rapid has been the progress of this new science, and so wonderful its revelations, that it is with diffidence we attempt to sum up these items. Acknowledging our indebtedness to Roscoe's Spectrum Analysis, and to the author of "Other Worlds than Ours, or the Plurality of Worlds from a Scientific Basis," we bid you good-night.

ROBING THE CHILD FOR THE DAY.

How many hours have you bent to-day,
Patient one, over the white array,
Robing the little child?
I know how warmly the fingers trill,
The gentle pulses, with love's best skill;
I know thy heart the while

Is welling over, a living spring
Of tenderness; but sharp questioning
Is trembling on my lip:
I know thy robings are pure and white,
But such that they very faintly type
The unseen workmanship.

Clothing the body so well! and yet
Are all the needs of the fair child met?
Didst think of fine warp laid
In the deep silence, and thou must know
The mystic woof thy own hand must throw,
As pattern of life is made.

O, the deep silence! O, solemn thought!
The robes for the spirit so still are wrought,
Never the shuttle doth rest.
Weaving some pattern! but for life's web
The choice is golden, or coarse, dark web;
Hast thou, dear one, the best?

How many hours did you linger there,
With tender touch on the wavy hair,
That ran through your hand like gold?
How many times did you lay aside
The dainty robe ere 't was clasped to hide
White dimples in softest fold?

From beautiful curl to clasped shoe,
How many hours did you linger thro'
You did not note, nor guess,
But all the while have you worked and thought
Of robes for the spirit that must be wrought
By mother-skill no less?

Little by little and silently,
God hath appointed this work should be
Wrought; and the tears you shed
Shall gleam like pearls; with a joy untold,
O, fashion the robes that wax not old,
Lay carefully each thread

That passes beneath thy weary hand.
O, mother-heart, when thy child shall stand
In robes all white and pure,
Thou wilt forget all the toil and tears,
And all the darkness and all the fears;
O, patient one, be sure!

THE NEW LIFE.

I LOVE the silent time
Of midnight, when no sound disturbs the ear,
Save the old clock's soft tick or solemn chime,
Or, dearer still, the sleepers breathing near.

I love the op'ning dawn,
When the bright songster trills her earliest lay;
When Nature puts her dewy glories on,
And breathes a fragrant incense to the day.

I love the full-orbed day,
Its noontide brightness and its genial beams;
I love them all, and e'en the faintest ray
Of the bright sun that o'er my pathway gleams.

I love the evening calm,
The day's departing glory, when the west
Unveils her beauties every eye to charm,
While Sol retires in regal state to rest.

I love the fair young Spring,
Her showers and sunshine, and her murmuring rills,
The breezy freshness of her balmy wings,
And soft bird-music that the wild-wood fills.

I love the Summer's glow,
Her fruits and flowers, her shady walks and groves,
The Autumn's gorgeous hues and Winter's snow,
All nature's beauties and all seasons' love.

They tell me of a change
That comes to man, a something more than death,
A spirit's freedom wonderfully strange,
A better life born with our latest breath.

They speak to me of life,
When fleeting things shall all have passed away,
A being far beyond all care and strife,
A better home and one unending day.

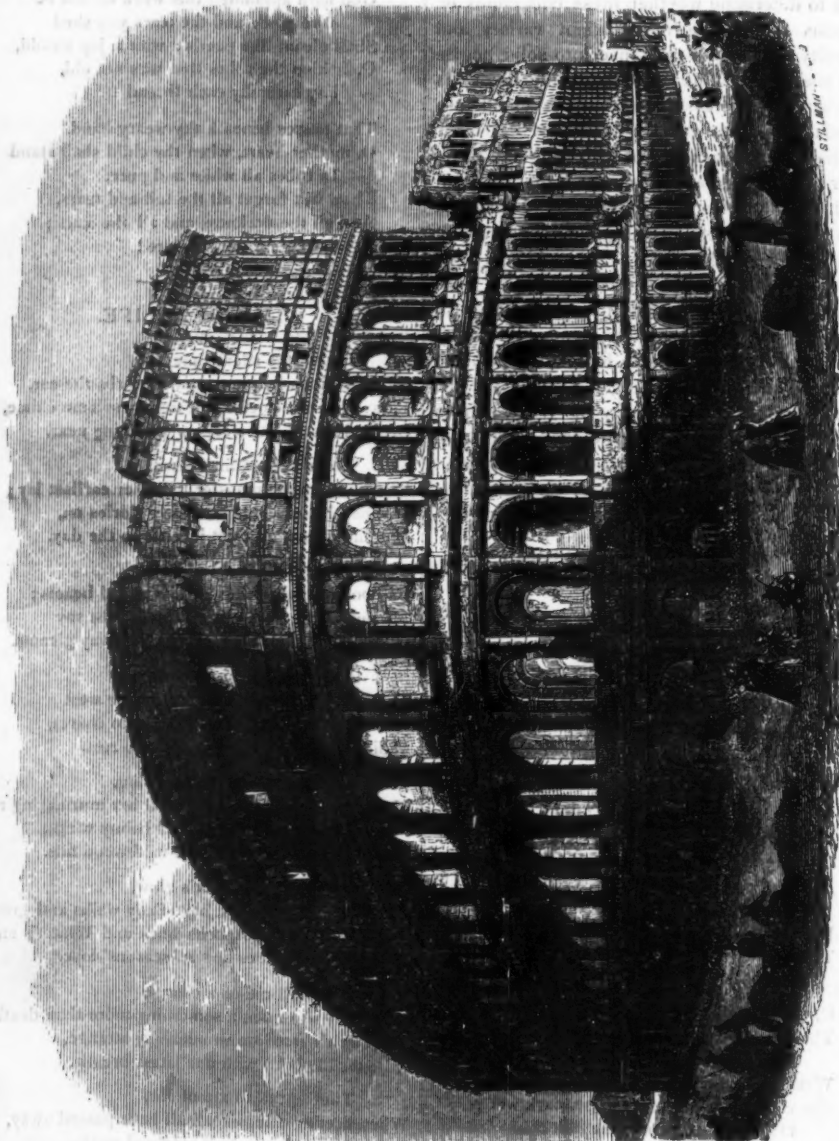
And though I love this earth,
And all God's hand hath made, yet more I love
The changeless seasons, the immortal birth,
And fadeless flowers in that world above.

THE COLISEUM.

IF, in the following wood-cut of one of the grandest ruins of ancient Rome, we present our readers with something with which they are already familiar, we hope they will pardon us, for the view itself is one of the most perfect,

and the cut a master-piece of artistic finish. Even yet the history of this amphitheater, as splendid in its ruins as in the fullness of its original grandeur, is one of interest.

It was begun by Vespasian, from whose family it derived the title of *Flavian Amphitheater*, in the year A. D. 72, and was designed as a



THE COLISEUM.

monument of the might and power of the Rome of that day. Twelve thousand Jewish captives were set to work on this building, whose completion Vespasian did not live to see, but which was at last, after being dedicated by Titus in

the eighth year of his consulate, A. D. 80, accomplished under Domitian. The name Coliseum was not given it until the eighth century, and this arose from the fact of its colossal dimensions.

In form the amphitheater is elliptical; the superficial area is nearly six acres; the height of the outer wall is one hundred and fifty-seven English feet; the major axis is five hundred and eighty-four feet, and the minor axis four hundred and sixty-eight feet. It could hold eighty-six thousand spectators. The outer elevation is composed of four stories, each of the three lower tiers containing eighty arches, the first of the Doric, the second of the Ionic, and the third of the Corinthian order. The fourth story is also Corinthian, above which is an entablature and the consoles, which projected to support the awning. The amphitheater is built almost entirely of travertine, a white, concretionary limestone, with here and there large masses of brick-work. Around the building, on the interior, ran four tiers of seats. The floor of the arena rested upon rows of cells, in which the wild beasts were confined. Not only the contemplation of the immensity and grandeur of this amphitheater strikes the beholder with awe and wonderment, but the remembrance of the martyrs who here gave up their lives for our common faith, makes it an object of reverential interest to every Christian.

During the depredations of the barbarians the southern and western sides of the amphitheater are supposed to have been destroyed. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it served as a fortress, and during the plague was converted into a hospital. In 1332 it was again the scene of a bull-fight and show of wild beasts, the last of the kind there of which we have record. After portions of the ruin had begun to fall, it supplied material for the building of the Venetian, Farnese, and Barberini palaces. Pius VII built the wall which now supports the south-western angle, a masterpiece of modern masonry. Whoever visits Rome should not fail to see the Coliseum by night, where, in the white, silver moonlight, softening

"Down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation,"

the beholder yields himself to waking dreams of the far-off past.

WITH all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes, without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowned the slow years with trial, seeing no such result as effort seems to warrant; nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, this is greatness, whether achieved by men or women.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AS the eyes of all the world are now directed to the Emperor of the French, a short sketch of his life can not fail to possess an interest to intelligent readers. The task, however, of condensing into a brief magazine article the romantic and stirring incidents of this remarkable life, is one of difficulty, and must preclude any extended analysis of his character and his motives, or any speculations as to the issue of his policy.

In January, 1802, Louis Bonaparte, the third brother of the first Napoleon, was married to Hortense, daughter of Josephine by her first husband, the Viscount de Beauharnais. Both parties were bitterly averse to the marriage, Louis having repeatedly refused the alliance. It is boldly asserted, and has always been generally believed, that Hortense was at this time pregnant by the Emperor. Even if this particular charge is not true, no injustice is done to the mother of Louis Napoleon, who is known to have spent her whole life in a series of *liaisons*, and the Count de Morny, one of her illegitimate sons, is a favorite with the French Emperor. All accounts unite in pronouncing Hortense a very remarkable woman, possessing beauty, wit, great vivacity, high intellectual powers, a courage amounting to heroism, united with generosity, tenderness, and fidelity in friendships.

Four years after her marriage her husband was appointed by his brother King of Holland; though the crown had been refused by Louis. Both King and Queen were very popular with their Dutch subjects, to whose interests Louis seemed conscientiously devoted, to a degree which occasioned a rupture with his powerful brother.

The Queen of Holland's family consisted of three sons: Napoleon Louis Charles, who died at the age of five years; Napoleon Louis, whose death occurred in 1831; and Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French. It is gravely asserted by writers of importance that not a drop of Bonaparte blood flows in the veins of this sovereign; that he is the son of the favorite lover of Queen Hortense, a Dutch nobleman, Admiral Verhuel, connected with her husband's court while King of Holland. This, her third and only surviving son, was born some months after the final separation of his parents, who never pretended to entertain the slightest affection for each other, and who never resided, from the period of their marriage, more than four months together. Louis Napoleon is said to possess not the slightest

resemblance to the Bonaparte family, but a very strong likeness to the courtly and accomplished Dutch Admiral. Added to this, the French Emperor has such a temperament as no Frenchman ever possessed—a peculiarly apathetic Dutch temperament.

Louis Napoleon resided with his mother, in Paris, until 1814, being, with his brother, an object of deep interest to the Emperor Napoleon. With the disasters which befell Napoleon after the Russian expedition, Hortense and her two sons entered upon that period of exile and misfortune and persecution, which continued until the death of the ex-queen, and for her son until after the downfall of the "money-bag-king," Louis Philippe. There was a brief passage of happiness and glory when Napoleon returned from Elba, and Hortense, in the absence of Maria Louisa, was called to do the honors of the Imperial Court. After the battle of Waterloo, she was ordered by the Allies to leave Paris in two days. After being exposed to demonstrations of popular hatred, and to a series of mean and petty persecutions from sovereigns and states that could have afforded to be generous, and after various wanderings, seemingly outcasts from every clime and country in Europe, Hortense and Louis Napoleon settled in Thurgovia, purchasing, for sixty thousand francs, the manor of Arenemburg, where she enjoyed some years of happiness in superintending the education of her son, Louis Napoleon—the father having, by a decree of court, been awarded the guardianship of the elder brother. Louis is represented as being, even in childhood, taciturn, reflective, rather slow with his studies. At seventeen he finished his studies in the College of Augsburg, and then commenced his military studies and exercises with a Baden regiment, garrisoned at Constance. He also was engaged in the pursuit of physics and chemistry. Some writers speak of his personal activity and martial bearing, and of his fondness for artillery-practice and martial exercises, while others declare there was little of the war-hero in him. At the fall of the Bourbons, in the Revolution of July, 1830, Louis Napoleon cherished a hope of being permitted to return to his native country, but in this he was disappointed. The revolution in France extending to Italy, the two young Napoleons joined the insurgents against the tyranny of Austria. The Papal troops were repeatedly defeated, the Vatican was filled with terror, when Austria came to the relief of the government forces, and the insurgents were forced to retire. The elder brother died on the retreat, from exposure, and Louis Napoleon

was attacked by small-pox, but was rescued by the care of his mother, who had hastened to him. These two escaped to Paris. There the Prince addressed a letter to Louis Philippe, asking permission to enter the French army as a private soldier, while Hortense asked an audience of the King. They were both well received; but some demonstrations from the multitude in favor of the fugitives, which were ended by discharges of water from fire-engines, instead of by grape-shot, excited the fears and jealousy of the King. The Bonapartes were again banished from French territory, and they embarked for England, where they were treated with some consideration. Returning to Switzerland, Louis Napoleon was met by a deputation of Poles from Warsaw, with the invitation to place himself at the head of their revolutionary movement, with the throne of Jagellons in prospect. He enthusiastically accepted the mission, and started for the Polish frontier; but he had not progressed far on his journey before the news reached him of the fall of Warsaw.

With the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Louis Napoleon's importance in European politics became magnified. He was now the direct heir of the Napoleonic dynasty, inasmuch as Joseph Bonaparte had no male children, and Lucien Bonaparte's family had been expressly excluded by the will of the Emperor himself and by the provisions of the *Plebiscite*. Talleyrand, on behalf of Louis Philippe, sent a secret emissary to reside permanently near Arenemburg. The castle was secretly surrounded by vigilant agents of many uneasy kings, who unobtrusively, but intently, scrutinized the conduct of the Prince, who was quietly pursuing his literary studies, convinced that the time for action had not yet arrived. In 1832 he published *Reveries Politiques*, which, considering the age of the author—twenty-four—indicates ability. It was designed to win the confidence of the French people, and to show to the world that he could write and think. A year later he published a second work, which discussed with ability the various constitutions of the Swiss Cantons, and which attracted much attention in diplomatic circles throughout Europe. It was referred to in the sessions of the Helvetic Diet as a remarkable work, and that body decreed to the author the honorable epithet of citizen of the Swiss Republic—an honor which had been bestowed on but two others before him, Marshal Ney and Prince Metternich.

About this time the young and beautiful Donna Maria being elevated to the throne of

Portugal, Louis Napoleon was proposed as an appropriate match for her. She acquiesced, but the Prince declined, saying that he would not interfere with the aspirations of his cousin, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the son of Eugene, who desired the alliance for himself. The Duke and the Queen were married, but he dying soon after the marriage the same proposition was repeated to Louis Napoleon. Again he declined the alliance, concluding his vindication of his course with these words: "This hope of one day serving France, as a citizen and a soldier, is, in my eyes, worth all the thrones in the world."

Up to this period the Prince had lived in a simple, frugal manner, lodging in a rude pavilion adjoining his mother's castle, devoting himself to literary pursuits and amusements to develop his physique. In proof of his diligence he published, in 1835, a third volume, "Manual of Artillery for the use of Artillery Officers of the Helvetic Republic." It is a valuable and discriminating work, which made the Prince well known in military circles in Europe.

And this brings us to one of the most anomalous scenes in history, the *escapade* of Strasburg. By means of Madame Gordon, a daughter of a captain in the first Napoleon's army, and who had sought out the Prince and declared her devotion to his person and cause, Louis Napoleon opened communications with the officers of the regiment stationed in Strasburg. Vaudry, a commanding officer of artillery, was gained over. By declaring that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and the King had been deposed, Vaudry persuaded his gunners to recognize the Prince as Napoleon II. Then he made prisoners of the Prefect and Gen. Voirol, commanding the garrison. He was presuming on the attachment to the Bonaparte name. The Prince's endeavor to bring over the captive general was repulsed. Louis was then introduced to the Forty-Sixth Regiment as their Emperor. Though dressed like the hero of Austerlitz, and endeavoring to look like his illustrious uncle, the soldiers, so says Kinglake, beheld a young man with the air and countenance of a weaver, oppressed by long hours of monotonous in-door work, which makes the body stoop and keeps the eye downcast. He had not the power to awaken the enthusiasm of the troops. Talandier, the Colonel of the regiment, becoming acquainted with what was going on, entered the yard. He ordered the gates to be closed, and then angry, fierce, scornful, went straight to the spot where the "Emperor" and his "imperial staff" were standing. Though this is what the Prince should have expected,

and should have been prepared to combat, it seemed to come upon him with crushing power. According to some writers he immediately succumbed. Talandier stripped off the Prince's decorations, and trampled his epaulets and his grand cordon of the Legion of Honor under foot, and then he and his decorated followers were locked up. The Prince was banished to America by the good-natured sovereign whom he had attempted to dethrone.

There have been different opinions in reference to the affair at Strasburg. The prevalent sentiment throughout Europe has been one of contempt and ridicule. It has been described as the absurd attempt of an obscure boy to imitate the triumphant return of Napoleon from Elba. The best apology that can be urged is, that Louis had been deceived as to the condition of French sentiment, believing that Louis Philippe was tottering on his throne, and that the whole nation was ready to support the pretensions of the great Napoleon's successor.

It has been asserted that his life in the United States was that of an abandoned debauchee; that he was sometimes in want, and borrowed money which he never returned; that he was arrested for debt, and confined in the Tombs or the Debtor's Prison in Eldridge-street, New York. These stories are perhaps exaggerated, but there is no question that his life was unworthy of his character and his hopes. A letter from the dying Hortense recalled him to Arenenberg, where he took up his residence. Louis Philippe demanded that the Swiss Government should expel the Prince from their territory, on the ground that he had violated his obligation to remain ten years in America, and that he was plotting against the French Government. The Swiss refused. The French King ordered an armed demonstration to be made on the frontier to overawe the Cantons. The latter soon assembled twenty thousand men to defend the integrity and freedom of their country. Louis Napoleon prevented the effusion of blood by voluntarily withdrawing from the Swiss territory, having gained importance in the eyes of the whole world by this impolitic course of the French King. He went to London, where, although occasionally admitted to the highest society, he led the life of a dissipated adventurer, spending days and nights in drunken, licentious, and boisterous orgies. During the first year of his abode in England he, however, devoted some time to study, and published his "Thoughts on Napoleonism."

In London the Prince planned the affair of Boulogne, which was infinitely worse managed

than that of Strasburg, and resulted most disastrously to the reputation and prospects of the Prince, and led to his being condemned to imprisonment for life in the Fortress of Ham. His apartments here were wretched, and his treatment so rigorous that he drew up a protest to the French Government by which his condition was rendered more tolerable. He published several works while in this prison. When he had been in captivity five years his dying father, the ex-king of Holland, requested that his son might be permitted to join him. The request was granted on the condition that the Prince should confess his faults, and renounce all claims to the throne of France. This he refused to do, and there his resolution was taken to make his escape from prison.

The escape was admirably planned. The Prince pretended to be ill, keeping his bed for several days, while one of his fellow-captives, Dr. Conneau, exercised his anatomical ingenuity in fabricating a false prince. Three keepers had immediate surveillance of his person, two of whom were always stationed at the bottom of the stairs, the immediate outlet to his apartments. One of these keepers, early in the morning, was usually absent for a quarter of an hour to procure the daily newspapers. No person was allowed to enter the fortress, and the utmost scrutiny was exercised over all passing out. A complete disguise was the only means by which the Prince could hope to escape. He proposed to assume the garb of the workmen then repairing the fortress, and to pass out with them. On the 25th of May, 1846, the plan was put into execution. Shortly after five in the morning the draw-bridge was lowered, and the workmen entered between two files of soldiers. They were not as numerous as usual, and there were no joiners among them, and it was the garb of a joiner that the prisoner had assumed. His height had been increased four inches by high-heeled boots in his wooden shoes, the trowsers concealing the deception. His mustache was cut off; over his usual dress gray pantaloons were drawn, a coarse linen shirt cut at the waist, and a blouse which had been purposely soiled. An old blue linen apron was over these, while he wore a wig of long black hair and a soiled cap, his hands and face being stained red. With one of the long shelves of his library hoisted on his shoulder, the Prince descended the stairs, accompanied by his *valet* Thélén. The latter drew one of the keepers aside on the pretense of speaking privately; the other keeper drew back to avoid the Prince's plank. In the court-yard the prisoner met soldiers and workmen who eyed him closely. At

the great gate the keeper's attention was diverted by Thélén's boisterous play with Ham, the Prince's dog, which he led in a leash. The bolt was drawn, the prisoner passed through the gate, and it was closed behind him. After a few minutes of conversation with the keeper, Thélén also passed out. The delays of one and another character which the fugitives encountered must certainly have led to their capture had the escape been discovered at Ham. But Dr. Conneau, by means of the stuffed figure, and a report of the Prince's illness, contrived that this should not transpire until the evening.

Louis Napoleon, instead of joining his dying father, went to England, where he remained for a year and a half, during which time he published his *Melanges Politiques*, and during which time Louis Philippe lost his throne, having occupied it seventeen years. During a like period Napoleon I was supreme; seventeen years the restored Bourbons reigned, and seventeen years, it is predicted, will be the period allotted to the restored dynasty of the Bonapartes.

It is curious that the excitement occasioned by the sudden French Revolution pervaded England, and that the Government enlisted several special constables to put down the disturbance, and that Louis Napoleon was one of these. The Prince soon went to Paris and announced himself by letter to the Provisional Government, and expressed his sympathy with their cause. A proposition was made to arrest him and confine him again at Ham, but Lamartine opposed this as persecution and as impolitic. After some hesitation as to his course, he concluded to withdraw to England. But he left in France agents to organize a Napoleonic party in the very heart of the young republic. By every conceivable means they diffused their sentiments and swelled their party. Pierre Napoleon and Prince Napoleon were elected as representatives of the people in the Assembly, as was another of the house, Prince Lucien Murat. Louis Napoleon was invited to become a candidate, but he refused until the decree which banished the Bonaparte family from France was formally abrogated. On the 3d of June this Prince's star began its sure ascent. He was elected a representative of the people in four departments at once, and one of these, that of the Seine, included the city of Paris. This election terrified the Government. They determined that he should not sit in the Assembly; orders were issued for his arrest should he appear on French territory. The most violent debates occurred in the Assembly, but they did not dare disregard the will of so many depart-

ments, and the election was finally declared valid. The excitement was intense, and Louis Napoleon sent a letter in haste from London, resigning his place as representative. He was again elected with increased majorities, and took his place in the Assembly after thirty-three years of persecution and exile.

We next find him elected to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority, having received seven million and a half of votes. The ceremonies attending the inauguration of the first President of the Republic were few and simple. It was five in the afternoon; the immense hall was growing obscure, and the chandeliers were lowered and lighted. At a signal from M. Marrast a door opened at the right, and a mandressed in black and wearing on his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor entered and rapidly ascended the tribune. The whole Assembly gazed at him with intense interest. His face was pale and care-worn, his manner hurried and confused, his attitude timid and anxious. He was still young, though his person bore the marks of time and suffering. Such was Louis Napoleon.

The President of the Assembly read in a loud and calm voice this oath: "In the presence of God, and before the French people represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfill all the duties imposed on me by the Constitution." Louis Napoleon, facing the Assembly, responded in a loud and firm tone, "I swear it." The President read his inaugural, which was brief and pointed, and descended from the tribune amid general and prolonged applause. He was then conducted to the door of the Elysée Palace, which had been appointed as his residence, passing between two lines of the National Guards until they reached the carriages provided to convey them to the "Legislative Palace."

Though the son of Hortense was called the President of the Republic, there was in reality no republic. The French nation was a political chaos of more than a half dozen factions. There is no doubt that from the moment of his election to the Presidency he began to plot against the Republic. To corrupt the army, to purchase partisans in every rank and class, and thus gradually to concentrate all power and empire in himself, this was Napoleonism—this his professed destiny. It would be impossible in this article to name the numerous plots, and conspiracies, and factious workings of the divided, excitable French people. Through the whole of it Louis Napoleon kept his destiny ever in view, the absorption to himself of the

imperial power. At length the decisive moment of action arrived, though the President never lost an occasion from the day of his election of vowing that he harbored no schemes against the Constitution.

On Monday evening, December 1, 1851, the President gave his weekly reception to the fashionable world of Paris. Viegra, Chief of Staff of the National Guard, was present, and undertook that the Guard should not beat to arms that night, and fulfilled his task by causing the drums to be mutilated. At eleven o'clock but three guests remained—the President's half-brother, Morny, who had previously shown himself at the theaters; Maupas, Prefect of Police, and St. Arnaud, Minister of War. These, with Col. Belville, an orderly of the President, accompanied Napoleon to his cabinet. They were soon informed that a battalion of gendarmes had been moved, without exciting remark, to the streets surrounding the printing-office, and thus the plotters had passed to action. From that moment all the printers were close prisoners. Col. Belville came with a packet of manuscripts, which were ordered to be put into type. Each compositor stood, while working, between two policemen, and as the manuscript was cut into pieces, no one could make out the sense of what he was printing. These were the President's proclamations, asserting that the Assembly was a hot-bed of plots, declaring it dissolved; pronouncing for universal suffrage; proposing a new constitution; vowing anew his duty to maintain the Republic; and placing Paris and the twelve surrounding departments under martial law. Then there was an appeal to the army and an endeavor to whet its enmity against civilians by reminding it of the defeats inflicted on the troops in 1830 and 1848. The Chief of Police, M. de Maupas, distributed a proclamation of his own, calling on all good citizens to aid in preserving order, and declaring that every violation of peace should be rigorously punished. Brigades of troops quietly entered the capital from all directions, and were stationed at various important points; a number of commissaries had each received separate instructions to make the arrest of some important personage; accordingly at one moment seventy-eight captives were executed, eighteen of which were of influential members of the Assembly, so that the morning found the Assembly without the machinery necessary for convoking it, and the army without generals inclined to observe the law, for the most famous generals of France were lodged in the prison called *Mazas*. Soldiers took possession of the Hall of National

Assembly, arresting the questors in attendance. Morny took possession of the Home Office, and began to telegraph to forty thousand communes of the enthusiasm with which the changes had been received.

But though the gates of the Assembly were closed and guarded, the Deputies assembled in the Chambers in large numbers, passed a decree charging Louis Napoleon with high treason, and voting his deposition. They were interrupted by an arrival of troops, and on refusing to disperse were arrested, the number amounting to two hundred and twenty. On Wednesday, the 3d of December, Louis Napoleon rode with several attendants along the principal streets, and in the evening his palace was thrown open and a general reception took place. The success of the *coup d'état* was regarded as certain, as was evidenced by the large number of prominent persons who, on that occasion, tendered their services and allegiance to the President. The theaters were all crowded that evening, and a brilliant audience assembled at the Italian Opera. The capital never seemed gayer or more unconcerned.

About the slaughter and carnage of the next day there is great variety of opinion, and it is impossible that we should enter upon the controversy. Until this day there had been but little opposition to the Bonapartists; but some parties, among them Victor Hugo, were by this time resolved that France should not be surrendered without a struggle. Early in the morning barricades had been erected in many of the streets, and during the night long, almost endless lines of soldiers were drawn up on both sides of the Boulevards and on all the great thoroughfares. The conduct of affairs had been intrusted to Gen. Magnan, and the troops were quietly demolishing the barricades. Toward the middle of the day the excitement throughout the capital was rapidly increasing, and the streets began to fill with tumultuous people. At two a general order was given that all the troops should advance simultaneously and clear the streets. Some reports say that the division that marched along the Boulevards was fired upon from a roof or window; others declare that the first shot came from a soldier near the center of one of the battalions who fired straight up into the air. But all agree as to what followed: The troops at the head of the column faced about to the south and opened fire, some aiming at the mass of spectators on the foot-pavements, while others fired into the gay, crowded windows and balconies. The contagion for firing spread from man to man until a column of sixteen thousand men formed into

an order of battle, and were firing into the midst of helpless men, women, and children. The impulse to shoot people, which was sudden and spread like a panic, was not momentary. The soldiers most industriously loaded and reloaded, and hastened to kill and kill as though their lives depended on the number they could dispatch in a given time. The slaughter was continued for twenty minutes, for when there was no longer a crowd to fire into, the soldiers would aim carefully at a single fugitive, or they broke into houses and hunted and slaughtered the inmates. The Sallandrouz carpet warehouse was thus entered, and fourteen helpless beings, shrinking for safety behind the piles of carpet, were shot while crouching. Even artillery was brought to bear on some houses on the Boulevards. Some writer says the streets here and in some other places were "perfect shambles." The blood drained down in the hollows about the trees in the Boulevards and lay there at twelve the next day. In many places the foot-pavements were so red and wet that, except with care, one could not pass without gathering blood.

But, worse than any of this, Paris came to believe, upon grounds which we can not discuss, that on the nights of the 4th and 5th of December prisoners were shot in batches and thrown into pits. Though the Imperialists have denied the charge, they have never disproved it, and this they might have done.

Before the morning of the 5th the armed insurrection had ceased. As to the number of the slaughtered reports are conflicting; some place the number of killed at about two hundred and twenty-five, and the wounded at four hundred, while other authorities claim that there were thousands. One colonel stated that his regiment alone had killed two thousand and four hundred, and there were between thirty and forty regiments engaged.

The wildest excitement spread through the country, but by the close of the week all France was quieted. Says an English historian: "The benefit which Prince Louis derived from the massacre was not transitory. It is a maxim of French politics that, happen what may, a man seeking to be a ruler of France must not be ridiculous. From 1836 to 1848 Prince Louis had never ceased to be obscure except by bringing upon himself the laughter of the world; and his election into the chair of the Presidency had only served to bring upon him a more constant outpouring of the scorn and sarcasm which Paris knows how to bestow. Even the suddenness and perfect success of the blow struck between the 1st and 2d of De-

cember had failed to make Paris think of him with gravity. But it was otherwise after three o'clock of December 4th; and it happened that the most strenuous adversaries of this oddly fated Prince were those who, in one respect, best served his cause; for the more they strove to show that he, and he alone, of his own design and malice, had planned and ordered the massacre, the more completely they relieved him from the disqualification which had hitherto made it impossible for him to become the supreme ruler of France. Before the night closed in on the 4th of December he was sheltered safe from ridicule by the ghastly heaps on the Boulevard.

Though Louis Napoleon's proclamation called for the election of a President for ten years, and guaranteed a vote to every Frenchman, yet the voting was strictly superintended, so that very few votes were cast against him. In one year, during which his agents had employed every means to aid and advance his interests, he proclaimed the Empire. And when all the necessary steps had been taken to convince the nation of the benefits of the re-instated Empire, and the uselessness of resisting it, a decree was issued commanding the people to declare their sentiments on the subject at the ballot-box. Again was the election controlled, and, as every body expected, the Empire was restored in the person of Louis Napoleon, and the imperial diadem was placed on the brow of the son of Hortense, and that by the ballot of the people.

The utmost exertions were now made to crush out the enemies of the Empire, and hundreds of the Emperor's active opponents were banished to Algiers and Cayenne.

Proposals were made by Napoleon's ambassadors to several courts of Europe for the purpose of negotiating a marriage; but for reasons which are not clearly understood, these were in every instance unsuccessful. Finally he married the Countess de Teba, a beautiful and wealthy woman belonging to one of the noblest families of Spain.

The Crimean war followed close upon the imperial nuptials. The incidents and result of this war are generally known. Sevastopol fell after a year of siege, and after a hundred thousand men had perished about her walls.

In 1856 an armistice was concluded, and a few weeks later the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Russia, France, Great Britain, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in Paris to arrange a treaty, which was to give permanent peace to a vexed continent. Only one point of this treaty I shall mention. The Emperor Alexander II solemnly declared that he renounced, sincerely and com-

pletely, the traditional policy of Peter the Great and of Catharine II, as regarded the extension of the Russian Empire in the East.

As the Empress had expressed a desire to preserve the quill with which the treaty was executed, an eagle's quill was selected, and was elegantly mounted in gold and gems, and with this each party signed the treaty, whose ratification was proclaimed to the capital by one hundred and one guns. It was signed on the anniversary of a great event. Forty-two years before was fought the battle of Paris, and on the following day the Russians entered the French capital, and dictated terms of peace where now their ambassadors came to ask for it.

At the close of the Crimean war, the English press was frantic in praises of the French Emperor. He was declared a man of prodigious abilities, of great worth and dignity of character, of noble and lofty sentiments, the savior and benignant genius of France, and his elevation to the imperial throne was characterized as the most propitious event which had befallen France for many generations. And yet, but a short time before, he had been stigmatized in the vilest language as a despicable *parvenu*, a worthless debauchee, a stupid and silly adventurer, devoid of talent and force or dignity of character, and his election to the Presidency was pronounced an eternal and indelible disgrace to the French people.

In 1859 Louis Napoleon again appeared on the theater of war. On this occasion his ally was Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, and his declared object was the expelling of the Austrian tyrants from Italy. In every engagement, though the Austrians fought with desperate resolution and bravery, the Allies came off victors.

Again does the Emperor of the French take the field. The result we anxiously await.

THE INTERRUPTED SERMON.

ONE evening I was chatting with my friend, the minister, in his study. My attention was turned to a beautifully embroidered text, which was suspended on the wall. It was the passage in 1 Peter i, 24, 25:

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

"What an exquisite piece of needle-work this is!" I said. "It is quite wonderful."

"It is," he answered; "but more wonderful

still were the remarkable leadings of God of which this picture is a remembrance."

"Really!" I rejoined. "And would it be indiscreet—"

"O, I shall be delighted to tell you the story," he interrupted kindly. "It takes me back some twenty-five years, when as yet I was a young preacher. I think that I am justified in saying that I tried to preach the Gospel to the best of my knowledge, but I must add that my knowledge was sadly limited. I thought that, to be useful, I ought, above all things, to exercise myself in the rhetoric art and in the elegant forms of eloquence. Now, certainly nobody will assert that rhetoric and eloquence are arts which a preacher of the Gospel should neglect. Robert Hall, for instance, was no less a preacher of truth because he clothed his thoughts in oratorical language; but I overdid the thing. As my vanity was well pleased when I saw numbers, and especially of the higher and wealthier class, attracted to me by the beauties of my style and the power of my elocution, I selected those subjects which afforded more scope for display, and devoted almost all my time during the week to my sermons, which, after having been carefully 'planned and polished,' were, word for word, committed to memory. The consequence was that the contents of my sermons became very poor and shallow; and the plain truths of the Gospel, which speak of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, if introduced at all, were all but buried under the artificial flowers of oratory.

"My dear," my good wife would sometimes say, 'I am afraid you are making more admirers of yourself than followers of Jesus.'

"How so, dear?" I would ask testily; 'did n't you like my sermon this morning?'

"Well," the answer would be, 'I can not but say that you preached beautifully, and that all you said was quite true so far as it went; but there are many other precious and important truths which you seldom or never preach about, and which yet we are greatly in need of.'

"And so she would often in her closet commit the matter to God, and pray him to teach me to lead those who are dead in trespasses and sins to a living, loving, and life-giving Christ.

"It pleased the Lord to hear that prayer of my excellent wife. One Sunday morning I preached as usual to a crowded congregation, chiefly composed of the principal inhabitants of the neighborhood. I was just then engaged in giving my audience a picturesque description of a sunset on the Sea of Galilee, when all on a sudden, owing to the close atmosphere, a little

girl fell into a fainting fit. The disturbances which it created, though only short and comparatively insignificant, yet so much put me out that I became altogether confused. The rest of my sermon all at once vanished from my memory. I could not possibly recollect one word of it. In my perplexity I cried to God for help. While looking down on my Bible, which was lying open before me, my eye fell upon the text of Peter which you see yonder suspended on the wall. Yielding, as it were, to an instinctive impulse, I read it to my hearers, and began preaching from it an improvised sermon just as it came up in my heart. And here, having lost my oratorical flower basket, I could not help laying bare the truths of God's Word in all their simplicity and startling reality. Connecting the text with my previous description, I compared the glory of man to the setting sun, which was never to rise again. I spoke of the utter vanity of every thing human, of the certainty of the destruction of this world, and of our everlasting condemnation if we were to die in the midst of our sins. In a word, I 'shunned not to declare to them all the counsel of God,' proclaiming death and destruction as it is in Adam, and life and salvation as it is in Jesus.

"On walking home after service my wife almost wept for joy. Never in her life, she said, had she heard such a heart-searching sermon. But I was in an almost desponding mood of mind, and quite ashamed of myself, 'for the people must have noticed my confusion,' I said; 'and what a gossip will it be all over the place that the minister broke down in the middle of his sermon! Surely,' I added, 'this was the worst sermon ever preached from a pulpit.'

"We had scarcely got home, however, when a lady desired to speak to me. The impression which her appearance made upon me was not very agreeable. She was gaudily dressed, and carried a flourish of trinkets, lace, and finery about her which created a most unfavorable impression.

"'Sir,' she said, while her lip quivered, 'could you permit me to speak to you in confidence?'

"'Certainly, ma'am.'

"'I am a lost woman,' she said, while tears burst from her eyes; 'but you, sir, can perhaps tell me whether there is still salvation for me who have so long lived a careless life.'

"She then briefly told me her history. She was a person held in high esteem in the society in which she moved. But she was living without God and without Christ in the world, and was entirely given up to pleasure and love of

of dress and display. Church or chapel she seldom or never visited. The places which she frequented were the theater and the ball-room. But on this Sunday morning, having gone out for a walk, her attention was struck by the singing which reached her ears from my chapel. The thought occurred to her that she might as well step in and sit down with the congregation. But here she found that she had come just in time to learn what the glory of man was. My sermon went like a two-edged sword through her heart. She saw that with all her beauty she was but a withering flower, dead, lost, helpless, and hopeless. And she now besought me to tell her more about that Savior whom I had spoken of as the only One who was able to save from ruin.

"I need not tell you," my friend continued, "how gladly I told her of Christ. Her eyes were opened to the glory of his holiness. It was not long before she became a member of my Church, and on that occasion she presented me with this picture."

"And what became of your sermons?" I asked archly.

"Well," he answered with a smile, "the Lord had taught me this great lesson, which I hope I have never forgotten since; namely, that oratory, rhetoric, etc., may be excellent things in a pulpit, but that without the eloquence of the Holy Spirit, which tells us of the love of Him who died for our sins, they will never lead a lost sinner to the fold of the only Good Shepherd.

CHILD AT PRAYER.

A FEW weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer *Isaac Newton*, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths; some, pulling off their boots and coats, laying themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine-looking boy, of about six years of age, following round a man evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance,

and from under his German cap fell chestnut hair, and thick, clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young, happy heart always rested there. This done I looked for him to seek his resting-place; but instead of this he quietly kneeled down upon the floor, put his little hands together so beautifully child-like and simple, and resting his arms upon the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayer.

The father sat by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in the steam-boat's cabin, and before strangers acknowledge the goodness of God, to ask his protection and love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hands been laid on the sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayer.

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone, of this worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, dead or living, whether far off or nigh. I could scarcely refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of the steam-boat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him in his berth for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him.



SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

O forth ! though weeping, bearing precious seed ;
 Still sow in faith, though not a blade is seen.
 Go forth ! the Lamb himself the way will lead,
 The everlasting Arms are o'er thee spread,
 And grain shall ripen where thy tears have been.

Take up thy burden, bear it joyfully ;
 Fear not sin's darkest cave to enter in.
 Though fierce thy foe, yet Israel's Lord is nigh,
 And o'er thy fellow-men He hears thee sigh,
 Seeking for him thou lovest a soul to win.

Go forth ! there is no shadow on thy brow,
 No tear that rises, no swift cry to bless
 The seed thou bearest, but He heedeth. Thou
 Shalt soon rejoice—light breaketh even now ;
 On to the mark of thy high calling press.

The pastures of the wilderness may mock
 Thine earnest labors. Look thou to the hills :
 God shall the chambers of his dew unlock,
 Till living water from the smitten rock
 With fertilizing streams each furrow fills.

Fret not for sheaves : a holy patience keep ;
 Look for the early and the latter rain,
 For all that faith hath scattered love shall reap.
 Gladness is sown : thy Lord may let thee weep,
 But not one prayer of thine shall be in vain.

'T is thy Beloved gently beckons on ;
 His love illumines for thee each passing cloud.

When yon fair land of light at last is won,
And seed time o'er, and harvest work begun,
He'll own the fruit that shadows now enshroud.

Behold! the Master standeth at the door!
Cry for Sabaoth's Lord! raise thou thy voice!
Short hour of labor, soon shall it be o'er:
The dawn is breaking, night shall be no more;
Then with thy harvest, Lord, thou shalt rejoice.

WORDS: THEIR ORIGIN, IMPORT, AND POWER.

NUMBER II.

IF the reader but possess the ability and inclination to investigate the original import of words, and bring up to mind the visual image of the object used for a symbol, or that idea chosen for a synonym, much that is vague and uncertain would at once become clear and forcible. Ah, what a fragrance may be exhaled from dry roots even! In speaking of the ethical import of words, Bishop Hutchinson says: "Words are the judges of our thoughts, the landmarks of all interests, and the wheels of our human world are turned by them. They move interests that are greater than mountains, and many a time have subdued kingdoms." Riches and poverty, love and hatred, life and death, are in the power of the tongue, and where these effects are least they are yet indicative of the mind and character of him who speaks them. It is no mean study to trace the development of conscience and morals in the use of words. "Marvelous are these vestiges of the spiritual history of man!" Language bears the impress of the fall in many ways. One says truly, "What dark and somber threads man must have woven into the tissue of his life before we could trace those threads of an equal darkness which run through the tissue of his language!" What facts of wickedness and woe must have existed ere there could be such words to designate them! How indelible is the stamp of language upon man's glory and his shame, his greatness and his degradation! Some one has suggested that we need but to open a dictionary and begin with the "a's" to find abundant evidence of sin and sorrow, words expressive of agony, both mental and physical, and of every passion of the soul that allies it to the prince of darkness. Is it not painful to note that the vocabulary of words describing sins is much more extensive than those of virtues. What a comment on the fact that each word must have its correlative in an idea! Then, too, how many words there are which seldom, if ever, find their way into books, and yet

are in daily use to soil the lips of him who utters them, and the ears of him who hears. Likewise many are the words, which originally were sound and good in their meaning, which have acquired a harmful import. The words "crafty" and "cunning" did not at first imply what they denote to us, but simply "skill" and "knowledge;" "knave" was the name for "lad," "boor" for a "farmer," "villain" a "peasant," and "menial" one of the household. "Moody" did not imply "gloom," and "officious" meant "offices of kindness;" "tinsel" denoted not that which is specious and tawdry, but simply "glistening." "Volatile" was apropos to our "fluent," and "time-server" denoted an honorable "serving the times." "Animosity" meant no more than "spiritedness," and "resentment," from "resenter," indicated a requital as much of "benefits" as of "injuries;" but because the heart of man sooner remembers to return injuries than benefits, it has sunk to its present use.

But if philology is a moral barometer, indicative of the sin and sorrow of the race, it also denotes with unerring precision the advance of that "ethical conscience" which purifies and ennobles a multitude of words, once expressive of mere earthly good, to a spiritual and heavenly import. I am fain to make use of a few of those words which Trench has signalized as illustrations of the progress of words. "Angels" were once merely earthly "messengers;" "paradise" was a royal "garden of delights" until the Jew exalted it to signify the abode of Adam and Eve, and Jesus honored it as the waiting place of the "faithful dead." The Greeks speak of the earth's "regeneration" in Spring-time—of the "regeneration" of political conditions—of "martyrs," but not for God's truth—"evangelists," but not of the kingdom of heaven—"advocates," but not with the Father. "Humility" meant to the Greek and Roman "meanness of spirit" only, while it describes to us one of the fairest of the Christian virtues.

How exceedingly forcible and appropriate must appear that consenting voice of the people who agreed in applying the word "miser," meaning "miserable," to one addicted to covetousness! What a testimony to the consciousness of human nature as to what constitutes misery! Apropos to this, let us notice that the Greek word signifying "wickedness" takes its root in one meaning "labor," thus agreeing with that Scripture which speaks of sinners as wearying themselves to commit iniquity. What lessons pregnant with meaning and rife with warning lie in a single word! Ah! not a dead letter are these living statutes, but glowing and palpitating, and

rich with pathos and feeling, or dark with passion and sin, and laden with the tragedy of souls! Using the word "passion" reminds me that its primary meaning is "suffering." We speak of the victim of passion as one of strong though ungoverned will; but according to its actual import a man or a child in a passion is a sufferer—for the time being impotent, without will, and suffering under the blind rule of his own evil nature—a curious combination of violence and weakness. It might be of profit to ponder the lesson of fellowship and brotherhood conveyed in the word "kind." The words "kind," a "kind" person, and "mankind," are derived from the same word, signifying *kin*—one of kin—one who acknowledges his kinship with other men as offering a debt of love. Says Channing, "Seeing that this relationship in a race now so widely scattered can only be through a common head, we do, in fact, every time we use the word 'kind,' declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man." How much more beautiful does the word appear when we apprehend the root from which it grew, it being the acknowledgment in loving deeds of our kinship with the whole human family.

It is curious to note the transition which some words have undergone. The word "silly" originally meant "blessed," and later denoted "harmlessness" and "innocence." What a strange metamorphose of the moral sense before it could have been applied as an epithet of contempt. "Happy" is derived from "hap," meaning chance. How unworthy this of its present significance! A late philological work, illustrating the moral tendencies of words, notes the use of "hands wanted," as though the hands hired had neither heads nor hearts—in strange contrast to Bible phraseology, where it says, "The same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

The downward moral tendency of words is best noted in the mischievous habit of cloaking immoralities with an honorable name, thus decking deformities in the robes of beauty and goodness. Is it not a question of serious import how far individualism may be able to check this tide of sinful custom? How fitting that there should be an ugly name for an ugly thing. If things were always called by their right names, instead of putting sweet for bitter, and light for darkness, many a soul might escape its blind and hopeless drifting upon the seas of guilt and ruin. Look at the word which arose in high life in Italy as a cloak for death by poisoning, *airetata*, meaning "death assisted;" and again, in France, at the name given a subtle poison which was to remove troublesome

relatives who stood in the way of an inheritance, "*poudre de succession*;" at the term "mistress," as designating an unnameable woman; "*paramour*," one who is loved very affectionately; and again at "*chevalier d'industrie*," the French for our "blackleg" and "sharper;" and the phrase, "*eau de vie*," to designate that fiery poison which the Indian, with truer instinct, terms "fire-water." The Italian calls a man accomplished in the arts the "virtuous," *virtuoso*, and names one who is a guide a "Cicerone," (would Cicero be honored?) thus degrading men and virtues by improper names.

Much of the frivolous use of earnest words grows out of a habit of exaggeration, as well as inadequate ideas of the moral fitness of language. Do we pause to think what we mean when we "stigmatize"—brand like a slave—men and things as a "pest" or "plague?" We vent our displeasure on many a harmless affair by naming it a "nuisance," which from the French *nuire*, "to harm," implies positive injury; and our daily "annoyances," from the Norman origin, become actual "hurts." Our "repugnance" denotes a "fighting against," and "reluctance" tells of a "death struggle." That which we often term "stupendous" is scarce impressive enough to put one in a "stupor with awe," and is it so, that when we are "astonished" we are struck with *tonnerre*?—thunder.

As we view our absurdities, extravagancies, and immoralities in words, what solemn import has that voice Divine who utters, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned!"

It is a matter of curious interest, and educational profit to children and youth, to discover what a record of inventions is preserved in the names of many articles, of the place from which they came, or the person by whom invented. Thus, "calico," from Calicut, and "muslin," from Mosul, a city in Turkey; "sherry" is sent from Xeres; the "pheasant" came from the banks of the Phasis; the "cherry" from Cerasus, a city in Pontus; the "peach" from Persia, and "spaniels" from Spain; "damask" and "damson," from Damascus; "dimity," from Damiatta; "cordwain," from Cordova; "currants," from Corinth; "saracenet," from Saracen; "cambrics," from Cambray; "crape," from Cyprus; "indigo," from India, and "agates" from a Sicilian river, named Achates.

The importance of conveying truthful ideas in correct speech can not be too rigidly inculcated. So great is the influence of words, in educating the intellect and elevating the moral standard, that when we embody an idea

in an erroneous word, we corrupt the very springs of truth and knowledge. The word "Gothic," as applied to a certain style of architecture, is clearly a misnomer; as it belonged not to the Goths, but to many Germanic tribes, and was given long after such a people as the Goths had ceased to be. The name was given in contradistinction from the Grecian and Italian styles, in contempt, and as simply barbarous. Who can but smile at the absurd contradiction existing in the word "dunce," unless indeed he be ignorant of its superior origin. The word, singularly enough, arose from *Duns* Scotus, the great teacher of the Franciscan order. An old writer says, "Whoso surpasseth others in caviling, sophistry, or subtle philosophy, is related to John Scot, and is henceforth named a 'Duns!'" Thus it seems that this deep-thinker and subtle-minded man has given us a word which, through the debris of years, has come to be used in irony and contempt. Might not the offended spirit of the wise "Duns" justly be indignant?

But more mischievous than these are those inaccurate words having reference to religious truths, as "Unitarian," which in *name* claims to assert the unity of the Godhead, and "Catholic," in connection with Romanism. Is this not in *name* giving up all that is at issue between us?

There is a curious class of idioms and popular phrases, which might be called by some mere idle words; but so significant are they of thoughts and fancies, seemingly impossible to convey in any other way, I can scarce class them as such. The "dickens!" for instance, or the "deuce!" And what lights and shades of meaning dance attendance upon the interjectional "whew!" Reader, can you supply a sensible word, nay, a whole retinue of them, which will express the sentiment, surprise, chagrin, and amusement, each and all combined, that is wrapped in that one little word? My sainted father was a Presbyterian minister, and probably as correct and cautious as most of that staid body of men—Presbyterian clergymen—usually are; but when he was especially amused, startled, or vexed, he would occasionally make use of the phrase, "My stars!" Being a man who invariably lived as one who must "give account," I assure you that the interjection was not without force.

If the reader is not altogether wearied, will he look yet a little longer at the import of a few words, gathered helter-skelter, and yet demanding a notice in this article. Words denoting the senses, and the ideas of which they are the outgrowth, make a large and curious

donation to language. What subtle threads these to connect the spiritual and the sensual! "Sensual" and "sense" come down to us with different import, though from the same origin—the former implying a devotion of all the powers to the enjoyment of the senses, as Goethe has depicted with fearful force in his *Mephistophiles*, and the latter meaning "feeling," thus denoting that only a man of *feeling* is a man of "sense." Our "disgust" is simply "distaste;" "crudity" implies that which is "uncooked;" "premature," ripe too "early;" "caustic," "burning;" "piquant," "stinging;" "saucy," "salted;" "savory" and "insipid" from one root, *sapere*, to taste; while the high eulogy we pronounce upon a man in calling him a "sapient" man, is merely a man of "taste." The word "relish," from *relecher*, implies—O fastidious reader—to *lick the lips!* Such words as "fancy," "phantom," "phenomena," "theory," "speculate," "envy," "intuition," "providence," and many others, have been coined from ideas produced by sight. The word "candor," from *candidus*, meaning "shining white," receives additional beauty from this significance; and "eccentric" indicates a departure from the center—a "flying off in a tangent."

The word "stipulation," from *stipula*, a straw, has its origin in a Roman custom of breaking a straw between parties that would make a mutual engagement. In the word "library" we preserve the fact that books were once written on the bark of trees—*liber*—and in "paper" we are reminded of the Egyptian "papyrus," which furnished the material for writing. The word "chap" is an abbreviation of "chapman," meaning "customer." Thus the phrases, "a queer chap," a "queer customer"—the latter being shortened more innocently than at first might be supposed to a "queer cuss!" Apopros of epithets, "scamp" and "scoundrel" are of military birth—the former from *ex campo*, a "deserter," and the latter from the Italian *sconderi ruolo*, to abscond at roll-call.

The appellatives, "Jack," "Jacke fool," "boot-jack," "kitchen jack," etc., originated in applying the word "Jack" to an object of contempt and slight; but Tyrwhitt makes the word a curious mixture of fancy and opprobrium when he says, "Most nations give the name of their favorite dish to their most facetious attendant on every mountebank." Thus the French call him "*Jean Potage*," the Germans "*Hans Wurst*," that is, Jack sausage; and the English signify him with the title of "Jack pudding;" by the Dutch he is called "Pickle Herring," and the Italians name him "Macaroni." Foot-boys, who were kept to turn spits

and pull boots, were usually called "Jacks," so when machines were invented for the same purposes they received the same appellation.

It is not uncommon to speak of a man who is gloomy or morose as "saturnine," or of a light-hearted temperament as "mercurial," or of one that is "jovial" as having been born under the planet Jupiter, that having the credit of being the joyfulest star of all. The origin of such words is plain; but the reader may not have at hand the interpretation of the word "sardonic." It is not "Satanic," as some have supposed. Palm's Greek Lexicon calls it the "Sardinian laugh," and says it was caused by eating a plant in Sardinia, of which they who ate did die laughing.

There is a curious little bit of history hanging by the word "emolument." The old Romans called that tithe of the grist which went to the miller his "*emolumentum*," hence our present use of the word; and the word "salary" is from *salarium*, which primarily meant "money for salt," the Roman soldiers receiving a part of their pay in salt.

But this dissertation on words is leading me, whither? One of those subtle threads of which we have spoken fastens my eye upon the page of an antique book before me, from which I would quote in closing, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

UNREASONABLE DEMANDS.

THAT human nature is human nature all the world over is a self-evident truth; and that human nature is not angelic nature is no less plain. Whatever pretensions it may set forth, and however unctuous lips may flatter it, it will, when closely scrutinized, exhibit the same unchanging characteristics—weakness, fallibility, imperfection—all tending to the confirmation of that great anthropologic doctrine, the innate depravity of men.

But what is this depravity about which doughty knights are always running tilt in theological tournaments?

Some understand by it that every man is as bad as he possibly can be. While I totally disclaim this view, it is enough for my object to say that by depravity I mean the lapse of man from his original good estate. There is a perfect standard of the true and the right, and from that man has fallen; not *one* man, not men in distinction from women, but mankind—the whole race.

To expect absolute perfection, therefore, is simply to expect the impossible. Why, then, is

it looked for in a minister's wife? Is she not included in the race? Does she not belong to mankind?

It may do as a matter of poetry and gallantry to explain "the weaker vessel" as meaning that she is made of finer material. But when we come to the prose, the real *gist* of the question, it is another thing. Even if we could be oblivious of the Sacred Record, man's frequent and pointed allusions would totally preclude ignorance that the tempter

"Into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe."

Now, since the minister's wife is a lineal descendant from our great grandmother, why is it that just here is sought the unattainable? Yet, from their own showing, you are forced to the conclusion that there are those who believe that a veritable angel should be let down from paradise for the special purpose of officiating as madam of their parish.

A doctor's wife has no responsibility in respect to her husband's patients; a lawyer's wife has none in respect to her husband's clients; but the minister's wife is regarded as owing special and important duties to all and to each of her husband's parishioners. This has but little application, of course, to the city; and there are, doubtless, country societies without number which may also be excepted; societies which are very far from expecting in their minister's wife the character of an angel, or seeking from her the work of an archangel. Let nobody put on the cap whom the cap does not fit.

But it can not be gainsaid that there are multitudes who consider themselves entitled to find in this piece of humanity a combination of all the virtues in the calendar. With vigor of body and mind, and with soundness of head and heart, she must possess unfaltering courage, unexampled humility, untiring patience, unswerving fidelity, unflagging zeal, unfailing prudence, and unexhausted and inexhaustible sweetness of temper. She must be at once a model of liberality and a model of frugality. She must be endowed with that tact which never gives offense, and with that *faculty*—"the Yankee term for *savoir faire*"—which can make a great deal out of little, and much out of nothing, and which no kind or amount of difficulties can possibly baffle.

She must be an accomplished lady, always on hand for parlor company, and an efficient drudge, always on hand for kitchen operations. She and her household must always be clad in fine scarlet—never too fine, or woe betide her—though to accomplish this she is not unfre-

quently obliged to resort to a brain full of contrivance and a purse full of emptiness.

She may be young and inexperienced; but for all that she must preside in the prayer-meetings, in the sewing circles, and in all the benevolent associations. She may have a flock of little ones to tie her at home, yet she must always be visiting the sick, and always looking after the well. She may be the teacher of her children, besides making and mending every one of their garments, yet she must hospitably entertain all the angels, alias agents, who may travel that way, and whom the doctors, the "squires," and the brethren in general, do not find it quite convenient to accommodate. She must do this, too, without running a farthing into debt. With general courtesy to all, she may yet desire to be on terms of more intimate acquaintance with some two or three families. But this must not be thought of for a single moment; for it would never do for the minister's wife to prefer one before another.

She must fill up all the short-comings of her husband, atone for all his offenses, and be the scape-goat for the greater part of his blunders. In brief, she must do every thing in the right place, at the right time, and in the right manner. And if there be any excellence I have failed to enumerate, that excellence she must by no means fail to possess. Moreover, her children must be little specimens of the same immaculate character—perfect patterns of childish propriety—walking miniatures of herself. In fact, they, too, must be let down from paradise, as a special example to the parish juveniles.

The following advertisement is a poetic summary of what is often looked for:

"Wanted—a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And every endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
To move in fashionable life,
And shine a gem in the parlor:
Wanted—a minister's wife!

Wanted—a thorough-bred worker,
Who well to her household looks—
Shall we see *our* money wasted
By extravagant Irish cooks?
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:
Wanted—a minister's wife!

A 'very domestic person';
To callers she must not be out;
It has such a bad appearance
For *her* to be gadding about;
Only to visit the parish
Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings:
Wanted—a minister's wife."

Consider the mountain weight of responsibility which these requisitions throw upon the

minister! He may meet with one whose beauty and grace strike his fancy, and whose modest virtues are fitted to win his heart. But he must not fall in love like other men. Before the smallest ripple of affection is suffered to agitate his being he must ascertain whether she would prove an efficient manager of a Dorcas society. He should not seek a wife to sympathize in his tastes and charm his weary hours, but one who can preside with equanimity in a social meeting. It might shorten his trial were the lady elect, before he is fully committed to her, to spend a month on probation among his people.

But it may be asked what claims the society has upon the minister's wife? That must depend upon the compact between her and them. What salary do they pay her? If they make a certain appropriation, with the understanding that they are to be requited by value received in her labors among them, she is under manifest obligation to meet this requisition. If they make no such appropriation she is legally free from all responsibility.

Do you ask again, what then *does* the minister's wife owe her husband's people? Most emphatically I answer, *nothing*. Legally, she is as free from all obligation to the society as if she lived in Beloochistan.

But there is a higher view. From sympathy with her husband in his ministerial work—the noblest ever given man to do—she owes his people any such labors as she can give them consistently with those home-duties which are primal and always paramount. She owes them exactly what every other Christian woman in the parish owes them, the influence of her character and example in favor of all that is noble, and good, and true.

But whatever services she may render them, either directly or indirectly, they are not to be regarded as in the least degree professional or official services. Her influence is the same as that of any other woman; although, from her husband's position, that influence is more widely extended. Brought into frequent contact with all grades of society, her lines of influence are indefinitely multiplied, and all the womanly excellence wrought into her life is thus more widely mirrored forth. The beautiful example, as a wife and mother, which we so admire in Victoria, derived its peculiar potency, not from her being queen, but from the fact that, *as* queen, the luster of her character in these private relations shines forth upon the whole world.

If the family duties of a minister's wife are such as to make it inconsistent for her to be prominent in society matters, she ought not to

attempt it. She is then bound to save her strength for home use, especially for cheering and sustaining her husband in his arduous toils. From the best of motives, she may sometimes urge herself to more than this, but in that case you may be sure there is something morbid about her conscience. The fact that the parsonage income is generally very limited, often constitutes an imperative reason for her devoting more time to her own family than many others.

Of course there are emergencies, such as we passed through in the war of the rebellion, when every patriotic woman, were she a hundred-fold wife or mother, is called to special duties and sacrifices. When our country needs our services in the great struggle for right and freedom, it is no time to hesitate between conflicting claims.

There are also seasons of unusual religious interest, which bring their unusual demands. If at such times, by some word of counsel to the perplexed, and of comfort to the troubled heart, she can assist in leading sinners to Christ, the faithful minister's wife will seek out such opportunities as one of her highest privileges. Thus from love to her Master and sympathy with her husband, she freely gives the flock a service which they could not require.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER XII.

DIGESTION.

IT had not been our intention to follow our cooked dishes, systematically, beyond the point of losing their identity. But when, in our last, we were discussing the best manner of disposing of them, so many reasons for our opinions came along asking to be said, that we have concluded to say some of them. And, after all, is not that the only satisfactory way of taking such things; that is, with their reasons, when such reasons can be given? For example, in our last we urged the importance of

EATING SLOWLY,

a fact that has been uttered, and repeated, and iterated, and reiterated till almost every one is familiar with it. And yet men who use their brains to some purpose on other subjects, such men as most of all need such admonitions, go on "bolting" their food just as usual, till suddenly brought up in such a way that they are obliged to think on this subject. Indeed, such is our ignorance of physiology that it is of very little use to give mere directions to most people

until loss of health compels them to think. But the attention of many would doubtless be arrested if they could observe the process of digestion; if, for example, they could sit beside Dr. Beaumont and peer into the stomach of St. Martin.

And if we could do that, our first observation would be that the inner surface of the stomach lies in folds or rugæ, and that when empty its sides collapse and meet each other. When a portion of food is introduced the rugæ close upon it, and by a gentle muscular motion diffuse it throughout the cavity, mingling it thoroughly with the gastric juice that is continually exuding from little vessels which have their infinitesimal orifices all over the mucous membrane. This action continues from fifty to eighty seconds, and then the coats relax and are ready to receive another portion, upon which they act in the same manner. This gives us a pretty exact indication of the time that ought to elapse between the swallowings of the several mouthfuls—about a minute at least, and in order to be quite safe, a minute and a half.

Even liquid foods require the same amount of time. But how many of us allow a whole minute to elapse between our separate mouthfuls of soup? or of bread and milk? The large quantity of liquid which thus forces its way along must necessarily drown this action to some extent; and then the larger pieces of bread usually washed down would present a difficult material for ready diffusion. But mush and milk, as some folks eat it, must be worse still. We may not be able to say positively how much it gets masticated; but judging from appearances it must go down in pretty much the same condition in which it is taken into the mouth. And veterans at that business would probably greet us with a hearty guffaw if we should ask them how much they chew their mush and milk. But now imagine the rugæ of a stomach distended with liquid trying in vain to close upon the floating masses of mush which yet demand more than ordinarily vigorous action. A similar difficulty occurs when food is washed down with drinks of any kind.

All these fluids are absorbed, to a certain extent, before gastric digestion takes place. The common consistency to which fluid foods are reduced is about the same as that of any other kind of food after proper mastication and insalivation. The food when thus prepared for deglutition does not need any drink to wash it down or to prepare it for gastric action.

We find in this style of gastric action also the grounds of our criticisms on mushes as foods, even when eaten with other trimmings

than milk, and the reason for making them so stiff that they will demand mastication, and also for the direction to eat bread with them. Here also lie the reasons for some of our objections to griddle-cakes. Their usual trimmings make them slip down readily, while their texture does not favor a speedy diffusion. Hence the oppressive, almost choking sensation after a rapid meal on griddle-cakes.

SATISFACTION.

It is supposed that the quantity of gastric juice which the stomach is able to secrete at each meal is exactly adapted to the wants of the system, and that if the food is introduced with proper deliberation the two will be mingled at once in proportions suitable for perfect digestion. When the solvent is all taken up the fact is made known by a feeling of satisfaction communicated to the brain, and if the latter is ready to recognize it, the announcement is, "You have eaten enough." If the man stops then, the feeling of satisfaction continues. If his digestive apparatus is in fair condition, and his food wholesome and well assorted, he is in a happy condition; and after a brief play-spell he need give no further thoughts to the matter. This feeling of satisfaction is a very delicate and yet a very definite sensation; but it is one which very few people ever experience, either through lack of compliance with the conditions for securing it, or through lack of observation. If the subject pays no attention to this admonition a feeling of

SATIETY

ensues, and the next telegram is, "You have eaten too much." In case of too rapid deglutition this last is likely to be the first and the only message sent, for the gastric juice, not having an opportunity to measure itself exactly with the food as it entered, could not decide just when there was "enough." The results are, not that the system is taxed to supply more gastric juice for the digestion of this superabundant quantity, but that the latter must be imperfectly digested. Those portions of food which, on account of their greater comminution or more deliberate introduction, were most fully incorporated with the gastric juice, pass duly out of the pyloric orifice as chyme, to go on through the stages of intestinal digestion, enter the blood and nourish the system. But the remaining portion, not digested or but very imperfectly acted upon, is largely left to the chemical changes consequent upon the high temperature of the liquid mass; in other words it begins to decay. After a few hours, the time

depending on the amount of excess, the health of the stomach, etc., this state of things manifests itself by the feeling of oppression, the generation of gases, and the acidified eructations. If the digestive organs are strong, the whole of the offending mass may be thrown up. This is the least hurtful disposition to be made of it, and the movement may be assisted by liberal draughts of warm water. If the stomach is not equal to this, the mass will probably be run off in a diarrhea. If the quantity was not greatly in excess of the demand, and gentle exercise is kept up for a long while, it may be worked off with less violence, but never without injury, whether recognized or not.

Overeating is almost a universal fault, and its prevalence is greatly increased by the use of stimulants and condiments of various kinds, and by a too free use of flesh meat, all of which, by exciting the stomach to over-exertion, help to deliver it sometimes of its load; but they do not help to its proper digestion and appropriation as nourishment for the system. If any one doubt this prevalence of over-eating let him try to see how often he can succeed in recognizing the right moment to stop, and in obeying it promptly, and how many other people he can find to do the same.

But there is another cause for acidity of the stomach which ought to be noticed, and that is the introduction of any indigestible substance, or of any digestible substance in pieces too large for the action of the gastric juice. This will rarely happen if the directions already given for mastication be carefully observed. Otherwise large pieces of meat, or of any tough or hard substance, but especially vegetables, such as beets, carrots, or even potatoes, will become rancid and cause much disturbance in the stomach. After some time they are usually permitted to pass into the intestines, but even there the mischief is continued, and they may even be voided in an undigested state, as is often noticed in the case of children. It is always indicative of something wrong and should be corrected. Children that have not teeth enough, or sufficient judgment to chew their food properly, should not be taxed with articles demanding careful mastication. Perhaps it would be right to say that they should not be fed with either vegetables or meats, and such food as is given them should be capable of ready mastication, and their mothers should see to it that they acquire proper habits in that respect. Nothing but ignorance, and slavery to a most perverse habit, can account for our gluttonous haste in deglutition. Certainly it is not for real enjoyment in the act of eating or in

its results. The gratification of the taste depends not upon the quantity we swallow, but upon its presence, and even its continued presence in the mouth. The true epicure eats slowly; the man who has any rational care for his health eats slowly; and the Christian who has a proper feeling of responsibility to his Maker for the welfare of soul or body eats slowly. If we have but ten minutes in which to eat, it is better even then to eat slowly; for, as we have said before, the benefit we derive from our food depends not so much on the quantity we eat as upon its thorough digestion.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE STOMACH

has much to do with the rapidity of gastric action. One hundred degrees Fahrenheit is the normal internal heat, and this is not increased by the process of healthy digestion. To secure this temperature there is no necessity for resorting to any affirmative measures, no extra wrappings, no testing with thermometers, or any such nonsense. Nature will attend to that well enough if we do not interfere with her.

"And who does interfere with her in this respect?"

We might reply that we all do, more or less, and not be far out of the way in saying so; but if we should especially accuse the most "temperate," doubtless they would feel aggrieved. "Cold water," "cold water," has been so besung and bepraised that a man is almost tested for his virtue by the amount of cold water that he drinks. On the other side we shall hear the use of cold water denounced and avoided. Men will drink water infused with tea and coffee, ale, lager beer, and wine, and even wine and water mixed, but never water alone; that would be too gross. Now all this is thoughtless, not to call it by any harsher name. The truth lies between the two. We do not believe that nature ever intended us for such thirsty creatures as we are. This comes mostly of our eating too largely of condiments—including sugar and salt—and too little fruit. However, let us not be misunderstood. If we must have "something to drink," nothing is better than water, acidulated sometimes in hot weather with the freshest and purest fruit juices. Water is the best possible diluent for all the condiments with which we burn up or pickle down our tissues. But it should not be taken with our food. It diminishes the flow from the salivary glands, and, as we have seen, interferes with the gastrifying of our food. It is no worse, however, in this respect than any other liquid taken in the same quantity, and it is negatively better than most others, since, if perfectly pure,

and, therefore, perfectly soft, it contains no poisons.

But one of the most hurtful results of water drinking arises from the fact that we commonly insist on having it very cold. The temperature of the stomach is necessarily reduced by a drink of ice water, and if food be in the stomach at the time, the process of digestion is stopped, gradually to be resumed as the rest of the system is able to impart sufficient warmth to restore the normal temperature. Even when there is no food in the stomach, ice water is not wholesome. The shock is too great from the introduction of much cold fluid immediately into the center of the system. Ice is safer, because it takes more time to dissolve it, and to diffuse its coldness. The unwholesomeness of ice water is plainly indicated by the craving with which we come to desire it. I once knew a person of literary pursuits who happened to fall into the habit of taking a glass of ice water at about a stated hour each day. He soon came to experience a wretchedly uncomfortable feeling when this was omitted. Did he therefore argue that his idiosyncrasy demanded that glass of ice water? No, the latter was promptly recognized as a hurtful stimulant, and as promptly renounced. In a short time the craving ceased, and the man was no longer a slave to a glass of ice water.

Hot drinks are debilitating, though inducing habits quite as tyrannical as the cold. Our soups and puddings are often taken too hot, and when alternated with ice water the effect on the teeth, as well as upon the stomach, is injurious.

HUNGER.

In the observations that have been made on the peculiarities of the gastric cavity we find one that is very significant. In a febrile state of the system, and, indeed, in many other conditions of illness, no gastric juice is secreted. Turn over this fact as we may, the inevitable consequence is apparent, no food can be digested. What then? Why, of course, that no food should be eaten. Dr. Beaumont says, "No solvent can be secreted under these circumstances, and food is as insoluble in the stomach as lead would be under ordinary circumstances."

What we are able to digest, what is needed and can be used by the system, will be called for, the call being recognized as hunger. Physiologists have not yet been able to account for this feeling definitely, but as it co-exists with a supply of the gastric juice, it is supposed to be in some way dependent thereupon. One thing, however, is certain—if we are not hungry we

should not eat any thing, for we can not digest it. Sick people are often importuned to say what they would like, and what they think they can eat, and food is brought and urged upon them, when perhaps the stomach, nay, the whole being, revolts at the mention of food. It is not necessary for a sick man to eat regularly and constantly to prevent his starving to death. The vital powers are busy elsewhere, and, as we have seen, they will not digest the food if we put it in. It often happens, especially in case of fevers, that the patient goes without eating for days. The system, to be sure, wastes away, but every attempt to prevent it by eating is a failure, and worse than a failure. Often, if the patient goes entirely without food on the first attack of indisposition, nature will effect a speedy restoration, not by virtue of the curative power of abstinence, but because not interfered with by a call to digest food. Instead, then, of tempting, or even asking the patient to eat, we may safely wait until his hunger prompts him to call for something to eat. But in that case, as in all cases after fasting, the amount given should be small at first, as the stomach is weak from inaction. It should perhaps be a little oftener repeated than in health, but this habit of giving food once an hour is not physiological. Unless in extreme cases, once in three hours is often enough, and then food that requires some mastication is better than soups and gruels.

There is, in some kinds of dyspepsia, an uneasy feeling in the stomach which suggests the idea of hunger. It may be distinguished from true hunger by its inappeasability. Of course this can not be used as a guide. While generally the supply of food may be regulated by the demands of hunger, if the food be taken in a proper manner, yet the converse is much more invariable, that nothing should be taken when hunger does not demand it. This rule is constantly and grossly violated every day. Some are too lazy to eat; that is, they have not been engaged in sufficiently active exercise to create an appetite; they have not used up the food already taken. They should eat positively nothing until the time for the next meal. Some are too tired to eat; what they need then is rest. They say it rests them to eat, but in fact it exhausts them far more than it would to let the muscles or the brains recover partially through appropriation of the nourishment already in the blood, thus giving the vital powers a chance for the manufacture of gastric juice for the coming meal. After a half hour's rest they will be far better able to eat with safety to the digestive organs. This exhaustion, excepting in cases of prolonged fasting, is due not so

much to the lack of food as to lack of opportunity to assimilate nutrition from the blood, where it exists for a long time after it has been derived from the food. And the faintness that is often experienced from lack of an accustomed meal is more frequently due to nervous disorder, or to a craving for stimulus than to real inanition.

REGULARITY IN EATING.

The stomach is greatly governed by habit in preparing the supply of the gastric juice; it commonly is ready to do its part against the hour when we have taught it to expect its food; and as the food and the gastric juice must meet, this furnishes one of the strongest of arguments for regularity in the preparation of meals. A whole volume of dissertation on men, order, and housewifely propriety, would not have the force of this one fact, duly considered with reference to its influence upon the health and happiness of the household. The hours for eating, then, should be intelligently fixed, well known to all the members of the family, and scarcely ever deviated from. Even the absence of some loved one, or the tardiness of guests, should not keep the meal waiting above a few minutes, except on occasions so extraordinary as to excuse the inevitable sacrifice of health. A guest who is carelessly late should be taught better manners, and one who is unavoidably so will only be the more pained and embarrassed if he has kept the others waiting. But for the housekeeper to break up this regularity to suit the convenience of her work, or her visiting, is quite inexcusable, except upon the score of ignorance. We can not suppose that she is aware how unfavorably it will tell upon the health of all who are subject to such careless caprices.

People who allow themselves to be worked up into a great hurry should never eat while in that condition. The vital powers are all enlisted in the matters that have been under consideration, and they are not ready to supply the indispensable gastric juice. So those who are about starting on a journey often have no appetite, though very likely they think they must lay in a supply of food for future use, and perhaps, too, an extra supply, and take it a little before the regular hour, if "train time" demands it. Now this is all wrong. It is much better to start on an empty stomach than to do any of these things, and take the "extra supply" in an extra satchel or lunch basket. The latter article should be a standard piece of furniture in every family, and always used, if practicable, on a journey; then the travelers can control their own hours and leisure for eating

and commonly get better food than at way-side restaurants. If the traveling necessitates violent physical exercise, nearly full justice may be done to the resulting keen appetite; but if it is simple car-riding, a little less than the ordinary rations will be advisable. Withal it is even more desirable to avoid the obnoxious eating between meals than at home. It is full as hurtful, and much more venturesome. I am not aware that the stomach secretes gastric juice any more frequently on a journey than at other times, and yet some people are constantly nibbling at something while traveling. I am certain that they can not do so for the sake of the elegance or the refinement of such a practice, any more than for its healthfulness.

BRAIN WORK

should not be continued during the process of digestion, any more than manual labor. If the morning is to be devoted to mental labor the breakfast should be very light, and if the time be well employed, as it will then be likely to be, sufficient mental labor, at least of any one kind, can be performed before dinner—at 2 o'clock—to allow relaxation in some lighter pursuit afterward. In that case the morning's subject of thought should be entirely laid aside, and some light manual exercise be taken up, accompanied, if possible, by mental diversion, as singing or conversation, for fifteen or twenty minutes before eating. These directions, as well as the continuation of mental rest after eating, are based upon precisely the same grounds as those for the cessation from physical labor. The greatest difference between them is that in the one case the vital forces are expended mostly on the muscles, and in the other mostly on the brain, and when fully used in either place they can not, of course, at the same time manufacture gastric juice for the digestion of food.

I have very little sympathy with the hue and cry about the severity of mental labor, as if that were the cause of an unnatural strain upon the human being, and were killing off the race incalculably. The truth is that man is not only formed of body and mind, but the body was originally just as well fitted for the healthy residence of that mind, and could give scope and instrument for all its highest flights and widest powers as perfectly as any of the lower animals can exercise the functions for which they were created.

Man is a being of wonderful adaptabilities, which, however, he has woefully abused, and that not through the over-use of his mental powers, but through the gratification of his animal appetites. This strain involves the health

of both body and mind, but with variable results, so that often, while the body seems in health, the mind is inactive, and then again the mind will blaze forth with wonderful brilliance in spite of the physical infirmities that are dragging the body down to the very tomb.

To what extent the race has suffered mentally from its fearful physical degeneracy it is impossible to ascertain; but recent investigations showing the terrible results of intemperance in drinking upon our mental powers are keenly suggestive of what we may be suffering as the results of the bad eating of many generations of gluttonous and self-indulgent ancestors. The sins of parents in these respects are, with frightful literalness, visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations. But, without turning our eyes from these dark linings and fearful facts, we need not yet despair, for the stronger the proofs of our mental and physical degeneracy through these instrumentalities, the higher the hopes that we may build upon the results of right living, the greater the confidence we may repose on the elevating effects of a practical recognition of the Divine laws of our physical organization.

EVIL-SPEAKING.

"YOU do n't say so? Well now, I would n't have believed it! If ever there was a Christian I thought Mrs. Meeklin was one. Dear me, how easy it is to be mistaken!"

The speaker paused in her rapid work and seemed to be in deep meditation.

"I tell you, she's no better than she ought to be," said the neighbor addressed in an impressive stage whisper, meant to be very confidential.

"Well, well, I must say I am sorry to hear it"—there was real sympathy in the voice—"this very morning I meant to have sent her over a basket of these specked apples; you see there's more of 'em than I'll get used any way before they're entirely spoiled, and she might just as well have had 'em; howsomever, I do n't believe in countenancing them sort of people."

"You'd be doin' very wrong if you did, Matilda Bender, mark my words; you'd be partakin' of her sin. Many's the little knickknack I've sent her, too, but she's got all she'll get from me. To my thinkin' she's nothin' like as poor as she lets on to be."

"I did n't know she ever complained"—it was a low voice from the corner of the kitchen where the sewing-machine stood. The speaker had paused in her wearisome tread and regarded

the two women in the pantry near her with astonishment.

"La's now, Miss Melinda, I would n't have believed you could have heard our talkin', with that thing clickin' away like a young saw-mill. You need n't say any thing about what you've heerd, though. Let folks find her out for themselves, as I did. As you say, she never complained right out; she's too smart for that—a sigh, and a shake of the head, and a moan every now and then about the hard times, teches folks' hearts more than a fine made-up story. She knows how to do all them things—Mrs. Meeklin does. Why, I would n't believe that soft-faced woman if she was to put her hand on the Bible when she was tellin' me; she's as artful as a sarpent, and as knowin'."

"Well, Mrs. Tattle, you know the Bible says we are to be wise as serpents but harmless as doves; I'm sure she is the last, and if by your own showing she is the first, she comes fairly up to the Bible standard; and what dare we say against her?"

"Well, Miss Melindy, if you choose to take up her cause you're welcome, but I know one thing, Mrs. Bender, I'll not let a daughter of mine go there to ruin her reputation. But I must be goin', for Jacob comes home precisely at twelve, and if dinner is n't ready he's as cross as our Towser when another dog steals his bone. If you have n't any objection though, Mrs. Bender, I would n't mind takin' a basket of them specked apples off your hands. As you're not agoin' now to send 'em down there, it's a pity, as you say, to let 'em spile."

"I'm sure you're welcome, Mrs. Tattle; I would n't have thought of offering you these poor things, though," heaping up a basket with the best of the apples she had just been sorting; and so Mrs. Tattle marched off with her spoils, chuckling at the cuteness which had got them transferred from "that detestable Mrs. Meeklin" to herself.

"I'm real sorry you gave her those apples, mother."

"Why now, child, you need n't begrudge her them specked things; it's more than likely the pigs would have got them any way."

"Well, better that than to encourage her in this habit of evil-speaking. I believe Mrs. Meeklin to be just as pure as Mrs. Tattle, and three times purer, for that matter; and to prove I think so I shall go down to see Eva Meeklin this very evening. I know Mrs. Tattle will stand at the gate till she sees where I'm going."

"O, daughter, I would n't do that; you might get a bad name too; wait till we can see for ourselves."

"No, mother, she should be treated as pure till we have positive proof she is not. Suppose we stand aloof from her, and another, and another, until finally the whole village, under Mrs. Tattle's judicious administration, do the same, her heart might be broken before any proofs could be presented—that would be satisfactory to our minds—that she was innocent. It would be a poor consolation to stand over her new-made grave and lay this salve to our conscience, 'We only meant to test her, not to kill her.'"

"Well, child, I really do n't know what to say—but look at the clock; it's too late for a regular cooked dinner; won't you make some fritters, you make better ones than I do, and I'll set the table and make some coffee right quick."

So both set to work, and Mr. Bender, when he came in from the store, had no idea that his favorite dish was of such hasty planning. In the midst of the confusion incident to dinner-getting, Mrs. Tattle and her scandal were forgotten; but in the afternoon, when the kitchen was all in order and Melinda had gone to her own room to rest and change her calico wrapper for her pink delaine, the whole thing came back to her, and her lip curled scornfully when she recalled Mrs. Tattle's flushed face and eager look as she had invaded their cozy kitchen that morning. It was evident from the first she had something to tell, and it was equally evident that it was a precious piece of slander; for Mrs. Tattle never looked just so except when she had heard something to the damage of some neighbor. She had brought her knitting ostensibly to spend a leisure hour, but Melinda could see she was very fidgety till Mrs. Bender's going to the pantry gave her an opportunity to follow, saying as she did so,

"La's now, Mrs. Bender, jest you go on with your work, I did n't come in to hinder you; I'll jest bring my chajir in here, and then you can sort them apples and I'll knit."

The truth was, she was rather afraid of Melinda Bender, and could n't feel quite free to retail her morsels of gossip when she felt that those large gray eyes were upon her. Indeed, she had said to Mr. Tattle when he came in to dinner,

"If there's any one thing I hate it's Lindy Bender's eyes; she seems to look right through a body—regular cat eyes; do n't see what the young beaux see in them to go crazy over; and they're here, there, and every-where, just where you do n't want 'em to be."

Now, if there was one thing which Melinda Bender cared less for than another it was Mrs. Tattle's opinion; and that amiable lady had

some faint suspicion of the same, and it was a bitter drop in her cup. True to her purpose Melinda walked down to Meeklin's as soon as tea was over. Mrs. Tattle saw her and bit her lips.

"I'll see if that girl is going to despise her betters."

So saying she tied on her hood and, with a malicious smile, went out to make some calls and sow the seed of distrust; and so well did she do her work that when Sunday came not a family in the village but had heard the story and stood aloof from the Meeklins. At first they thought it mere accident that no one greeted them, but as Sunday after Sunday they went to their little chapel and returned without being spoken to by any one save Melinda Bender, they saw some terrible thing must have happened, and instead of trying to investigate they only remained more closely at home, and felt rather than talked about the slight. Had this been all they might have borne it, but, alas! they belonged to that hard-working and poorly paid class, sewing women; and now their former patrons drew off, one by one, until no work was to be had, and starvation stared them in the face. Mrs. Meeklin, at best an invalid, was obliged to take to her bed altogether, and Eva was left to fight the famine wolf and care for the loved one alone. Day after day she started out to seek employment, and as surely was turned away coldly. Each evening she came home disheartened, and would often have gone to bed supperless had it not been for Linda Bender, who remained her stanch friend despite her mother's timidly expressed fears that she too would lose caste. Mrs. Bender was naturally a kind woman but easily influenced, and the knowledge that Mrs. Tattle had more than once intimated that "Lindy" went "to them Meeklins' for no good" dismayed her.

"I do wish," she said, when Linda had returned from one of these evening visits, "that you would not go there so much. I'll send their supper down every evening by one of the little boys if you will stay at home."

"Mother!"

The young girl looked up from her sewing, on which she had seemed very intent since coming in, but in which in reality she had not taken a stitch; she was too busy thinking of the sad fate of the Meeklins. There was surprise and rebuke in her tones, and Mrs. Bender's eyes drooped, for she was a very timid woman.

"Can you think me so cruel as to desert Eva when I am the only friend she has left? This scandal is most outrageous. After all what

does it amount to?—a few hints thrown out by Mrs. Tattle of Captain Benson's visits at what seemed to her ladyship unreasonable hours, and then many shrugs of the shoulders and shakes of the head, and ominous whispers that Mrs. Meeklin 'is n't what she ought to be,' and that is all there is of it if it were sifted. I know very well I have not escaped Mrs. Tattle's insinuations. She would glory in bringing me down as low as she has brought Mrs. Meeklin and Eva, but, thank my stars, I am 'strong-minded,' as the villagers call me, and she 'll never do it, never. Mother, it may be wicked in me," pausing in a rapid walk before the table where her mother was cutting out garments for the little ones, "but I do think I should love to see that woman, Mrs. Tattle, tortured on the rack awhile. For what is bodily suffering compared with the torture her victims have to undergo?—their characters torn to fragments as with the beak and claws of a vulture—their sensitive souls subjected to her stinging tongue till every nerve is aquiver with pain—a slow, wearing, gnawing death; her victims groan out while she walks about free. But her time will come! The measure she has meted shall be measured to her. After all I am glad the Bible says, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' I felt to-night when I saw poor Eva and her mother so heart-broken I should like to scorch her a little myself; but I have no doubt his Satanic majesty will have her in time enough to give her a full share."

"Linda! Linda!"

"Do n't hold up the warning finger, wife!—it's no use; Lindy's fairly started now, and you might as well try to catch our colt Fanny, as to stop her." Mr. Bender laid down his paper and laughed. "After all," said he musingly, "I do n't know but the girl's about right. It's one thing sartin, there's a deal too much use made of the tongue. People have no right to say things they've heard about others till they're sure it's truth, and even then the fair thing to do would be to see if they can't help these poor creatures into a better way of living before they take up the story and hand it round. Many a one has been driven off the track by just such a course as we've pursued with these Meeklins. I sha' n't interfere with you, Lindy, though it may be you're wrong. The truth will come to light some time. But it's a very serious thing to injure one's character without reason. I guess, mother, we need n't worry about Linda; she's always had sense enough to keep out of the fire."

He resumed his paper and the subject was dropped.

Linda continued to be a ministering angel in the little cottage of the Meeklins; and, in spite of the re-assertions of Mrs. Tattle, whose story increased a little every time it was told, until poor Mrs. Meeklin's crime grew to be of enormous magnitude, in spite of all this, Mrs. Bender had many a qualm of conscience when alone, and even had gone so far as to remonstrate with Mrs. Tattle, and suggest they might be wrong; but that lady overwhelmed her with a torrent of words, and Mrs. Bender submitted.

Weeks passed on, and one day all the matrons of Tellerton village had been invited to tea at Mrs. Tattle's—a rather unusual event—but that lady had gathered a larger bundle of gossip than usual, and was aching to unroll it; but just in the midst of it, when Mrs. Tattle had her favorite position, with every eye fixed on her, and every ear drinking in her subtle poison, Melinda Bender rushed into the room with a white face and blazing eye. Mrs. Bender, who sat meekly in one corner, uttered a faint little cry, but Melinda took no notice; her eye was fixed on Mrs. Tattle, and that worthy melted under its gaze. It seemed to scorch her, for she moved further back, as if to escape the blaze. In vain—Melinda came closer, until she could feel her hot breath, and a torrent of words, like molten lava, fell over her—

"Madam, I have probed your foul scandal to the bottom. I went over to Millville myself, ten miles and back, to-day, just to see the captain's wife, and tell her how you dared to bandy her husband's name from lip to lip."

"You surely did n't tell his wife!" she gasped.

"Yes I did, and showed up your mean, cowardly spirit, in its full magnitude to her. They were so far away you thought this scandal could not reach them, and so you could wreak your petty malice on innocent people undisturbed—people whom you hated because they were superior to yourself in refinement and virtue. But, ladies"—turning for the first time to the assembled company—"I can explain the whole matter to you. Captain Benson and his wife have known Mrs. Meeklin from childhood, and testify to her perfect purity of character. They were married and settled in life when she left her native place to become the bride of a man every way worthy of her. Neither heard any thing of the other until, years afterward, the captain while on business in Tellerton met her as she was carrying home some work. He immediately took his wife to see her, and, although she was glad to see them, she was embarrassed that they should meet under such circumstances, for she had been raised in luxury; and

to all their offers of help, put as delicately as possible, she would reply she could get along very well; it was kind, but she did not need. So they saw if they would not pain her they must help her secretly. Accordingly, on the three several occasions when Capt. Benson was there after dark, they had driven around by a back street, and the captain's wife held the horse while he carried a huge bundle up through the garden, and, slipping it just inside the kitchen door, 'ran for life'—as you have often said, in describing his exit, Mrs. Tattle—lest he should be seen. I am surprised you did not watch faithfully enough to see that his wife was waiting for him at the foot of the garden."

Linda's lip curled with scorn.

"But here are my informants; they can give you any particulars which I in my haste may have omitted;" and Linda swung back the door by which she had entered, disclosing the forms of Capt. Benson and wife.

Had a bomb-shell alighted in the center of the group the excitement could scarcely have been eclipsed. Some shrieked, one fainted, and poor little Mrs. Bender burst out crying; but Mrs. Tattle sat erect, evidently trying to keep up her dignity, though shaking in every limb. There was no help for it; the only way to come out with any honor was to acknowledge her wrong. She saw that clearly. But for once it was hard for Mrs. Tattle to get her voice; her mouth was parched and stiff, and the tongue, which had always been so voluble, this time refused to do her bidding. But she *must* speak; and so at length the words rolled slowly out, like drops of lead:

"I'm rale sorry I made this mistake, and I'm willin' to say the same to Mrs. Meeklin."

"That you'll *never* do, Mrs. Tattle," said Linda, ruthlessly: "*Mrs. Meeklin is dead, and you killed her!*"

There was no tea got at Mrs. Tattle's that night, for she went into hysterics, and the ladies dispersed.

Shortly after the Tattles moved away from Tellerton; not, however, till Mrs. Tattle had seen another victim of her venom expire; for poor Eva had been too much bowed by the terrible strain upon her to recover, despite the kind care of the Benders, who took her to their own home. It pleased her to see the honor of her mother vindicated, and she was grateful for the attention shown her by the villagers, who contested with each other who could do her most service; but she was never known to smile, and in a few months was buried beside her mother. Whether this terrible lesson was a sufficient warning to Mrs. Tattle or not we

can not say, but fear not, for the habit of slandering seemed to have grown with her advancing years, till it had become inveterate, if not incurable. We can not hope to reclaim any of the numerous Mrs. Tattles of the social world; but we send forth this little sketch, hoping it may be of use to those who are only *beginning* to indulge that most despicable and dangerous vice—*evil-speaking*.

SPARE WELL, SPEND WELL.

ELLA'S and Lucy's husbands were each hard-working men, and had about the same income, but the difference in their home comforts was very marked. If a friend called to take tea with Ella she was always thrown into the greatest consternation and trouble. In private she opened her mind to her husband in no measured terms.

"She had nothing fit to set out a table with. The only decent table-cloth was in the wash; she had n't a clean napkin; her dishes were cracked and chipped, and not half enough of them; the coffee-pot leaked; she had n't a slice of cake in the house;" and so on indefinitely. If a guest came to stay over night her troubles were multiplied tenfold.

Now Lucy had none of these perplexities. Though her stores were simple and plain, they were sufficient and always in readiness. The cause of the difference lay in the fact that Lucy had learned the art of spending well. It is a greater art even than that of earning money. She made every dime tell.

"What are you going to trim your Spring dress with, Lucy?" asked her neighbor, running in one afternoon with her sewing, as she often did.

"O, some simple trimming made of the material," said Lucy indifferently. "I mean to cover buttons for it out of a scrap of silk I happen to have which matches nicely."

"Now I would be a Quaker in earnest. Are you not going to flounce it?"

"O, no, I like a plain skirt quite as well. The flouncing would cost an extra dollar, which I prefer putting into a nice covered dish I am coveting for my table. It will give me twice as much pleasure there."

"Well, I expect to put two flounces on mine, and a row of beautiful trimming above each flounce. I paid three dollars for the trimming, but would n't have Ned know it for any thing. He would think it extravagant."

"He would n't miss it much, would he, Ella? Now I can think of a dozen things I should

prefer to three dollars' worth of trimming for my dress. You could buy a nice table-cloth, with a set of respectable napkins with it, or a new rocking-chair, or four nice pear-trees, which would soon furnish you with an abundance of delicious fruit, or two nice calico dresses, or any number of small permanent comforts and conveniences about the house. You don't know how many nice things I have bought just by saving up my milk pennies—that glass sugar bowl and cream cup, covered butter dish, dessert dish, set of best cups and saucers, preserve saucers—and I have almost enough now to buy me a half dozen soup plates; we have taken our soup in saucers quite as long as I like."

"Why, you will need a china closet soon to hold your dishes," said Ella, looking at the nice shelf full with a half-envious feeling.

"I should like one, but this pantry shelf must answer for the present. Fred has one planned for rainy days' work. I have tacked this little white curtain so it hangs down over the shelf, and keeps out flies and dust."

"Well, I should never have thought of that; but it makes little difference. All my dishes are in constant use, and have no chance to get dusty. Did Fred make those nice drawers below the lower shelves?"

"Yes, this one is for table linen, and this for kitchen towels and tea towels," and she drew them out as she spoke.

"Dear me, what a supply you have! I do n't know how you could afford it."

"Believe me, Ella, they did not cost half what you spend on trifles that never show for themselves afterward. Money put into substantial gives us tenfold the real satisfaction that it does in fancy articles, which no one cares for but ourselves or scarcely notices. It was an old maxim of my father's to 'spare well and spend well.' He had no idea of hoarding his money, but he taught us from childhood to spend our pennies in something that would show where the money went. He always encouraged us when very little to buy pretty toys rather than candies, and when we grew older to get books and periodicals, which would please and instruct us all through the year, rather than toys."

"I wish I had been trained in a similar way; but it is too late now," said the other with a sigh.

"No, no, Ella," said her friend earnestly, "it is never too late to mend bad habits. Indeed, you are at just the time of life to take a new start, now you have a dear little home of your own to beautify. Indeed, I think this habit, of all others, is a very easy one to change,

when one really has a motive strong enough set before her. I remember reading of a young man who had squandered all of his fine estates by his dissipation, setting out at last to win them all back again. He resolved to take the first work that offered, which chanced to be unloading coals. He saved the small sum he obtained, and ate the lunch of cold meat and bread given him as a gratuity. So he saved up every penny he received, when it could be done, and at last won back not only his large estates, but died a noted, wealthy miser. This is an extreme case, but it shows how one can completely turn about in the matter of expenditure. I knew a small family who, before the war, used to spend about three thousand a year, having every luxury of the season lavishly provided for their table. But when every one grew straitened their habits changed most remarkably. The cake in their silver basket was cut in boarding-school slices. One chop was made to serve as the family breakfast. The small garden-plot was cultivated to the highest degree, affording nearly all the Summer vegetables for the family. They moved in the same fashionable circle as before, but within the home the most rigid economy was observed. If this family could turn about so thoroughly any body can. Now take a motive strong enough, Ella, and see if you do not surprise yourself. Do n't spend a dollar without making yourself give an account of it. Ned is a good provider, I know, and you can make your home just what you please if you will only exercise prudence and economy."

"Well, I will try in earnest, Lucy. A sight of your nice pantry and drawers of linen has just stirred up my ambition. Who is that stopping at your gate, Lucy?" she added, looking out of the window.

"Why, that is the weaver with my new carpet; he is here sooner than I expected; but Fred left the money with me for it a week ago."

"I do n't see how you could ever make such a roll as this," said Ella, when the man had gone; and the two unrolled a yard or so of the fabric to see how it looked. "How many yards are there of it?"

"Twenty-one; just enough for my sitting room. It was all made up of odds and ends. I have been saving up scraps for it, and sewing a ball when I could this long time. I had a large bag full sewed when I was married."

"That's just like you. But I do n't believe I have got enough rags about the house to make a yard. I sold all the old clothes we had to an old china man, and my husband has n't mislaid an article since but what he says he

do n't doubt but that old china man has it. The scraps I sell for old tin, but I never get enough for them to pay for saving."

"And you never will, Ella; but you can make them into excellent common carpets. I never missed the time I spent over this; but now it is done, and I am very, very glad of it," and she looked at it with as much pleasure as a house mistress ever did her rich rolls of Brussels or Axminster.

Ella went home that day quite thoughtful, and with a new purpose in her mind. She turned over the trimming she had liked so well, and somehow it seemed to have lost half its luster.

"I wonder if the store-keeper would take it back," she thought. "It was the last of a piece, and he did not have to cut it. I will try at least," and putting on her hat once more she was soon at the counter. Ella was a good cash customer, so the smiling shop-keeper was very ready to oblige. Instead of a little package of trimming she could clasp in her hand, she took home a large parcel containing two good substantial table-cloths. How delighted she was with her purchase! She had hemmed them both before she went to rest, and taken a last pleased glance at them as they lay neatly folded in a bureau drawer. She had begun to taste the pleasure of spending well.

Edward had given her money for a new hat some time before, but now she determined to see what could be done with the pretty one she wore last year. The result was another handsome saving, which was speedily invested in some pantry stores she greatly needed. She was almost surprised at finding herself the possessor of so many new household comforts, and thoroughly believed in her friend's philosophy. It was easier to mend her bad early habits than she had supposed, and the result was in the highest degree satisfactory.

Let any skeptical young housekeeper, who finds herself in constant straits for needfuls for home comfort, try a similar experiment.

BEFORE GOD AND MAN.

HE that does as well in private, between God and his own soul, as in public, in pulpits and market places, hath given himself a good testimony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness, and integrity. For what Elkanah said to the mother of Samuel, "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?" is most certainly verified concerning God, that he who is to be our judge is better than ten thousand witnesses.

AUTUMN EVE.

ALL nature's life and king of grace
Hangs calmly in the western skies ;
Perpetual love shines on his face,
Eternal fires beam from his eyes.

His golden light and royal blue
Give robes of glory to the scene ;
On either hand, of gorgeous hue,
Grand palaces of cloud are seen.

Man's cup of life with bliss he fills,
Then, darting glances of his grace,
Kisses the verdure, trees, and hills,
And, laughing, hides his blushing face.

He clothes his queen with silver'd light,
And bids the stars to fill her train,
Crowns her to rule the solemn night
Till he shall break the morn again.

Our chariot world flies on its course
A hundred miles as quick as thought ;
Held by his great magnetic force
No fear to human hearts is brought.

Good mothers, with love's many cares,
Enjoy the sweet relief of night ;
With baths for children and their pray'rs,
They kiss "good-by" till morning light.

The merchants gladly close the store,
And, weary with the pains of trade,
Delight to watch rich Autumn pour
Her glories on the evening shade.

The sunburnt tiller of the soil
Reclines beside his cottage door,
And smiles to see the fruit of toil
Abundant for his Winter's store.

Mechanics from their work have ceased,
And find at home, with children fair,
The faithful wife, and supper feast
On what the farmer "had to spare."

Boys from a prison-life in mills
Stroll off to find the apples fair ;
With pockets full from plain or hills
They with the pale-faced maidens share

While most are resting in the scene,
This is the artist's hour of care ;
His skillful hands display the sheen
The God of nature makes her wear.

The thousand bells with gentle call
Speak out upon the evening air
In winsome tones, "Come one and all
To spend an hour with God in prayer."

Such quiet reigns no leaflet stirs,
You hear the breathing of the herds,
The frighten'd partridge as it whirs ;
Your thoughts are almost living words !

The forests of a thousand hues,
Made grand with God's own pencil ray,

Grow darker by the falling dews
While waning light now faints away.

The birds we love are in their nests,
Which they were taught to build of yore,
The glassy lake sleeps on the breasts
It laves—the ever-tranquil shore.

Here, nature's Summer work is o'er,
There, with the ever-beaming sun,
She quick applies her hands to more ;
Her "woman's work is never done."

Upon the deep and swelling seas,
Becalmed, a thousand sailors come,
All anxious for the hast'ning breeze
To waft them to the longed-for "home."

We sit upon our rolling world
Serene as angels float in light,
And thro' the shaded space are hurled
While heav'n's wonders greet the sight.

Earth turns her face without a care
To the dark wall of night for rest ;
To sleep on God's great lap of air
While we repose upon her breast.

Each watching star mounts to its place ;
With love they ceaseless vigils keep ;
Smiles just enough of light and grace,
That all may see to dream and sleep.

Dream of the rich and sweet delights
To all earth's creatures freely given,
And of the grander, rapturous sights
To greet each holy soul in heaven.

Let Autumn's snowy frosts appear ;
Old Winter's march of death may roll,
For there shall spring another year
Of endless Summer for the soul.

ONE NOTE WRONG.

BLUE bends the sky above—
Blue runs the stream below—
Earth quiet as a dove ;
Would that my heart were so !

Nor leaf nor shadow falls
On all the green hill-side :
Even to the cuckoo's calls,
Echo but half replied.

So lazy goes the hour,
The very dragon-fly,
Perched on the dozing flower,
Moves neither wing nor eye.

Bird, blossom, branch, and stream
All quiet as the air ;
And, lying as in a dream,
Earth seemeth passing fair.

O, what a hymn divine
Breathes from this golden noon ;
Only this heart of mine
Is beating out of tune !

READING.

WHY should I read? Because you were made to read. You might as well ask why you should eat bread and drink water. You were made to eat and drink, that your body may grow to be strong to do the work it was designed to do. You were made to read that your mind may grow and be strong to do the work it was designed to do. Reading is a means of mental culture, and an important means. Every one should employ it aright.

You should read in order to acquire knowledge—facts. There are classes of facts, and these have come to be pretty numerous, that all persons having any claim to intelligence are expected to know. These facts are, for the most part, to be found in books. They can be acquired only by reading.

More facts are not the most important of all things, but they are important. Some facts are more valuable than others, but none are altogether valueless. They constitute a portion of our knowledge, and there is no kind of knowledge which may not at some time be useful as an aid in acquiring further knowledge, or in directing action.

Facts are valuable only when they are clearly perceived and accurately remembered. Some men's minds seem to be filled with half-perceived and half-remembered facts. They know nothing as they ought.

Do not read books and expect facts to adhere to your mind, as moist snow adheres to the ball that the boy rolls. Give attention to each important fact, that you may see it clearly, and thus be prepared to remember it.

But to acquire facts is not the only reason why you should read. The mind, as you know, grows by exercise, and there are very valuable mental exercises in connection with reading. There is the exercise of attention, and of clear perception. The habits that may thus be formed may be of much greater value to you than the facts acquired.

Again: Reading gives one an opportunity for exercising discrimination and judgment. The reader, when reading, should stop and ponder what he has read. Is it true? is it right? is it beautiful? are questions which should be asked in regard to many of the things read. This is what is meant when you are told you must think when you read. Reading furnishes material for thinking. The more one reads the more he has to think about. Thinking makes a man. The greater a man's capacity for thinking the greater his influence with his fellow-men. To read without think-

ing is a waste of time, and a damage to the mind. He who keeps on reading without thinking will form a habit of not thinking. When this habit is formed it will be difficult to correct it.

The reason why some men derive more advantage from reading than others is that they think of what they read. Perhaps they read but comparatively little. They think a great deal.

I am not sure that the great increase of books is not an evil. When there were but few books thoughtful persons read the few within their reach very thoughtfully. The best men of a former generation are not a whit inferior to the best men of the present day. They had fewer books, and hence had to think more. Thinking made them men.

2. *What shall I read?* Useful books. There are useful books in every department. Read historical works. There are certain historical facts that every reader is supposed to know. Allusions are constantly made to them by writers and speakers. Such are the facts relating to the leading events and leading men of Greece and of Rome. Books containing those facts must be read, or the frequent allusions to them will be unintelligible.

Read good biographies—lives of men who attained excellence in some department of action or of literature, and served their generation by the will of God. Models of excellence will thus be placed before the mind. You will be stimulated to rise above the commonplace and vulgar.

Books giving an account of men who rose by their own efforts from obscurity to eminence are especially worthy of being read. Many a young man has been strengthened to contend with difficulties and stimulated to higher effort by perusing the life of Henry Kirke White.

Read essays written by the leading minds in English literature. Every one should know who Bacon was, and Johnson, and Addison, and Goldsmith. Some portion of their works should be read by every one.

Select some first-rate author or authors as your constant companions. You become like those with whom you intimately associate. We judge of a man's tastes by the company he keeps. We know that he must resemble his companions. It is a law of mind that our minds become assimilated to those with whom we come in frequent contact. We not only insensibly imitate their manners; we acquire their habits of thought and feeling.

So with books. We commune with the minds of authors through their books. If we thus

hold frequent communion with a pure and lofty mind, our minds will catch something of their spirit and power.

Read the works of the best poets. There are few minds who do not, in early life at least, enjoy poetry. Many regarding it as a mere luxury cast it aside, and seek for what they call useful reading. Poetry may be very useful reading. Men were not made to be coarse and vulgar beings. They have no right to be coarse and vulgar. They are under obligation to subject themselves to refining, elevating influences. The works of the true poet furnish this influence.

Read good works of fiction. The imagination was made to be exercised, and it may receive a healthful exercise in reading works of imagination produced by first-class minds. This rule should be rigidly adhered to. In other departments of literature, especially those which deal with matters of fact, the productions of second-rate minds may often be read with advantage; but not so in the department of fiction. The production of an inferior mind can not be read without injury. There is not merely the waste of time; there is a slackening of all the mental energies.

The great majority of the works of fiction, well-nigh as numerous as the frogs of Egypt, are the product of inferior minds, and should be avoided altogether.

Read the book of books, the Bible. It contains truths more grand and elevating than are to be found in any of the works of man. It alone is able to make us wise unto salvation. But aside from the great end for which it was given, it is the most profitable book in the world. It makes us familiar with truths whose educating force is greater than the truths of science. If a man had no other object in view than intellectual improvement, and he could have but one, that book should be the Bible.

When shall I read? When you have time. "But," says one, "I have no time." You mean that you have not hours of unbroken leisure each day. You have some spare moments each day. The late Hon. Abbot Lawrence, when a clerk, kept a book in the dining-room of his boarding-house. Sometimes he had to wait a few moments for breakfast. He spent that time in reading. He thought over what he read while walking to the store in which he was a clerk.

The above is a specimen of the way in which he redeemed the time. He became one of the best-informed men of his day.

"Try," says the late James Hamilton, "what you can make of the broken fragments of time.

Glean up its golden dust; those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. And thus, if you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes, and half-hours, and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own."

OUR COMMON GARDEN FLOWERS.

COMMON flowers! And why are they common? Why have the same familiar blossoms been treasured for centuries as household favorites, and reared, watched, trained, tended, with jealous care, but because of their beauty and fragrance? "Common in old country gardens" may be found appended to some description, couched in the terse language of science, in learned botanical works; and the flower described will be some time-honored floral friend, which has greeted generations of men with its pleasant odors. The sounding Latin or Greek of its authorized baptismal name lies obsolete in the pages of science, known only to those skilled in the pedigrees of the vegetable families; while some cheery, familiar, pet name is ready on our lips, and has been ennobled by poetry and romance. The Dandelion is only a common flower. Only! Why, if the *Taraxacum Dens-leonis* was a Japanese novelty, it would be sought after by florists as a rare beauty, and gardeners would grow it at prices which would enrich the poor women who now laboriously carry their Spring crops from door to door. By the way, the origin of the common name is curious. The leaves of the plant are cut into broad, triangular teeth, and the old French name was *dents de lion*, that is, lion's teeth, which, in its anglicized pronunciation, has become dandelion.

But we should not, in our love for common names, despise the nomenclature of science. Many are apt to attach an idea of pedantry to a use of those terms which are employed in the more recondite treatises on objects in nature. This is a mistake. In times past, when botany was scientifically understood but by a few, when the familiar books which are now so common were unknown, the people—the unlettered people especially—gave their own vernacular names to the flowers which they culled in their Summer rambles. But we see that nowadays some of our most familiar blooms are as familiarly known by their scientific names

as others which have come down to us from olden times with fanciful, even superstitious names. The Verbenas, with their brilliant scarlet heads, the Portulaccas, with their flaming eyes, the Wistaria, with its purple pendent bunches, the Gladiolus, with its many-colored erect spikes—all these are known to us by no other names than those which are current in sedate science. Even such an almost unpronounceable and unspellable name as *Eschscholtzia* has received as yet none more simple for its beautiful orange-yellow delicate flowers. Let us not, then, discard the Latin and Greek baptisms; for while Daisy and Marguerite are only known to their English and French gatherers, *Bellis* and *Leucanthemum* find acquaintances over the whole world among the freemasonry of science.

How beautiful they are, these common flowers! No strange new-comer can ever outvie the Rose—the old Cinnamon Rose, the Sweet-Brier, with its deliciously fragrant leaves, the Moss-Rose, which is a variety of the Cabbage-Rose, with the sepals copiously fringed, and the White Rose, which never outgrows its sweet blush when it first unfolds its virgin leaves. Nothing more splendid in color has yet eclipsed the Tiger-Lily; and, for purity and fragrance combined, the White Lily stands among the best beloved. In glancing over the well-known flowers which have been for centuries the decoration of the poorest cottage as well as the most luxurious villa, it is surprising to see how many have retained their hold, in spite of the insatiate thirst for novelty which has stocked our gardens and greenhouses with hosts of new-comers. The Woodbine, so fragrant and so suggestive of romance and poetry, is cherished as fondly now as ever. The English name seems not to have been adopted freely in this country. We generally call it the Sweet Honeysuckle. The Violet, which was once so very common, has given way to the Pansy, which is only a largely developed form. This name is a corruption of the French pet name *Pensée*, meaning a thought. The fragrant little blue Violet, which is sold in bunches in the Spring, is another species. The Flower-de-luce of old gardens still rears its sword-like leaves overtopped with its pearly heads. This name, so common to our grandmothers, is a corruption of *Fleur-de-lis*, and has given way to *Iris*. Every body may not know that the *Orris-root* of the stores is another corruption of *Iris-root*, and that it is furnished by an Italian species, kindred to our garden form. The *Lilac*, or *Laylock*, as the old people used to call it, is as welcome as ever when it hangs out its

fragrant bunches of bloom among the earliest of Spring's blossoms. The Four-o'clocks open their crimson tubes with as much beauty as when, years ago, they formed the staple of the little border, a foot or two wide, which was called "the garden" in our boyish days. Nothing has a more spicy odor now than the Gilliflower—Jellyflower, as we used to call it—a corruption of July Flower, and possibly an anglicized change of *Girofle*, the French name. Nothing is more brilliant than the Peony, the Piny of the country folks, with its great crimson and white masses of petals. Who would suppose that those redundant heads of color were all the result of garden culture, and that the original plant displayed but five of those hundred or more closely packed leaves! This is true of many of our commonest flowers. The Dahlia, which shows such a dense array of incurved leaves of every hue, had originally only five flat leaves. We have given it no pet name, and certainly its set, formal, stiff beauty will never win it one. When we luxuriate in the intoxicating beauty and perfume of our beds of Hyacinths, we should scarcely imagine that the wild plant was a little spike of a few single, simple bells. The tender, loving care of man has magnified it into those heavy, closely packed cones of gorgeous beauty. But none the less do we love the delicate little Lily of the Valley, with its tiny, snow-white cups, and an aroma which has never lost its wild-wood association. We could never account for the celebrity of the Tulip. Gorgeous it certainly is, but it is stiff, and gaudy, and flaring. And yet there is probably no single flower which has so delighted florists in times past. The Dutch at one time had a veritable Tulip mania, and paid fabulous sums for a single bulb. But all feel a sort of affection for the little Snow-drop, the first of all Spring's offspring. We have seen its graceful white blossoms, even in this cold climate, long before February was over. And scarcely less welcome is the Crocus when its party-colored little balloon-like flowers peep out from some sunny bank where the early Spring sun has wakened it from Winter sleep sooner than its fellows. Then later comes another favorite, not beautiful, but redolent of sweetness, the Mignonnette, grown in every garden, grown in pots, in boxes, every-where up to the poor work-girl's attic, where it is field, garden, and grove to her, as the heated city air wafts its fragrance into her close, wretched abode. Here is a pet name. *Mignon* in the French for "darling," and the added *ette* makes it tenderer still, as this is the diminutive of the language, and signifies Little Darling.

Then comes a whole family, beloved by all, that has no enemies, and is welcome to queens as well as peasants—Pinks. Their brilliant colors, the delicate fringing of their many rows of petals, and their almost overpowering wealth of odor, keep them among the most precious of our floral treasures. The Clove-Pink is the parent of the beautiful varieties so prized under the name of Carnation and Picotees. The little, low, mottled species, Pheasant's Eye, is most common in gardens, and forms the staple of the inclined boxes of our corner stores which offer garden-stuff to Spring purchasers. The Sweet-William—how did such a name ever originate?—is about as common. If any one will examine the single flowers which unite to form its dense cluster, he will be struck with the exquisite markings it will show, and perhaps wonder he never noticed it before. Quite in another style is a flower which was so very common that it ceased to be common until florists took hold of it and turned its few petals into many—the Hollyhock. Its large rosy eyes and soft foliage and stately port were necessary to a garden not many years ago; then people said, "It is so common!" and they left it out. But latterly the gardeners have exerted on it a force which, working on the plastic tendencies of all organic structures, has Darwinized it, and now the tall spikes are covered with great double masses glowing with color, and it has again become an established ornament. Statelier still is the Sunflower, which is the giant of our annuals. We used to see its broad disk expanding, set round with diverging rays, and mark the little knobby protuberances of its swelling seeds. But those innovating gardeners again, ever ready to alter Nature as they find her, have taken the old-fashioned Sunflower in hand, and now we see a gigantic disk, as big as a dinner-plate, set with crisped yellow leaves thousands in number. We may be old foggyish; but give us the familiar friend. Moore wrote a most beautiful simile when he told of its "turning to her God," etc.; but, like many poetic fancies, it was not strictly founded on truth. One may see sunflowers looking in all directions, quite regardless of the god of day. The heavy head does, however, sometimes change its position, owing probably to the desiccation of the cells of the flower base, under the scorching heat of the sun, and the consequent drooping of the flower in their direction. The Marigolds have always been established favorites every-where. In every country garden, where there is a border ever so narrow, may be found the golden heads of the Pot Marigold, and the dense bunches of the so-called African Marigold, which comes from South

America. These have been greatly increased in size of later years, and form one of the most striking ornaments of the Fall months. The French Marigold has smaller flowers; but their rich dark maroon and yellow colors are very handsome, and they blossom without cessation till the hard frosts kill the plants. Equally familiar is the Bee Larkspur, which is so named from the close resemblance which the bearded, folded petals, in the center of the flower, have to a bee half buried in it. Not quite so common is another species, with shining deeply cut leaves and a loose spike of flowers of a deep, rich blue. Then there is the little annual, Field Larkspur, with its finely cut foliage, and spikes of flowers of mingling pink, blue, and purple. At about the same time comes the Monk's-hood; and what child that ever played in a garden has not been shown its curious flowers, so well named? The two petals, which are partly developed, stand like two little delicate pot-hooks together, concealed by the large hollowed upper sepal, which covers them like a monk's hood. It is very poisonous, and furnishes the aconite of physicians, now so extensively employed by homœopaths. Balsams are among the best known of flowers, and these have been wonderfully improved by culture. We used to have the single blossoms hanging loosely under the radiate crown of leaves; now they have been made double, and grow in a dense mass around the pellucid stem. The seed-vessel cracks and curls with an instantaneous snap when pressed. This curious habit is probably due to a difference in the distention of the outer and inner cells. So long as the upper and lower ends of the divisions of the seed-vessels are held extended by their mutual pressure, they retain their elongated form; but when this mutual support is destroyed, the greater turgidity of the outer cells forces the inner to contract, which they do instantaneously. Hence their familiar name, Touch-me-nots. The Crown Imperial is one of the greatest ornaments of Spring. Its rich, rapid growth, its coronal of pure green, beneath which hang the red, tulip-like bells, make it one of the pleasantest new-comers of the early season. With it comes the Daffodil, or Daffy, as it is commonly called, with its bright yellow cups, generally double, and long, slender leaves; and the Jonquil, with short cups, equally bright and very fragrant; and the Poet's Narcissus, with pure white petals and a short, stiff cup, beautifully bordered with crimson and yellow, and very sweet-scented. A fragrant, lovely flower is a thing of joy and beauty, and it requires no study to enjoy the glories of the floral world.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

LITTLE EDDIE'S FAITH.

"If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it. John xiv, 14."

"PLEASE, dear Lord Jesus, give us another baby." I think that some good angel must have come down from his far-off radiant home, and dropped the thought into the sorrowful heart of the little boy, for the tiny tear-stained face, that was lifted heavenward from the dear mother's lap by which he had been kneeling, was beaming with the light of a new and beautiful hope; and the soft little voice, although still husky with sobs, was glad and tremulous from some sweet and new-born joy.

That day a great sorrow had come into little Eddie's heart and home, for little Frankie, the youngest, and the pet and darling of that happy household band, had gone to dwell with the angels. All the long Winter he had been ailing. Whether the winds that swept down from the snowy bosom of glorious old Mt. Hood were too bleak and chill for the tender lamb I know not, but every day he grew thinner and whiter, and would turn away with a sickly, plaintive moan, instead of breaking out into a merry laugh as he was wont to do, whenever his brothers "bo-peeped" at him, or played horse around the room. And just when the first sweet days of Spring began to smile, and the snows to melt, and go dancing in laughing rivulets down the steep old mountain side, and the robins were trilling their song among the orchard trees, and they were hoping that the winds which were beginning to blow so softly and warmly from the south, would bring the roses back to those little white cheeks, and impart freshness and vigor to that little faded form, he suddenly closed his eyes and ears to all earthly sights and sounds, and, clasped close to the bosom of the Good Shepherd, went up to dwell in "green pastures and beside the still waters."

O, what a sorrowful day it was to them all when the light went out of those sweet, dark eyes forever on earth, and the patter of those busy feet grew still, and the music of that merry, prattling tongue was hushed by the cold, stern mandate of Death; and it was with an aching heart that little Eddie knelt at his mother's knee to say his evening prayer. After he had repeated "Our Father," and, "Now I lay me," he proceeded in his usual way to ask the good God to "bless dear papa and mamma," and

brother "Willie and Freddie, and dear little baby Frankie," he was about to say, but remembering just then the little pale, cold, white-robed sleeper in the parlor, for whom no prayers might now avail, and who, on the morrow, would be hidden away forever from their sight and love in this life, and, burying his face in his mother's lap, he wept long and convulsively. Then it was that some good angel, flying about on his errands of love and mercy, beholding and pitying him, dropped the sweet hope into his heart which sent the bright smile to his face, and called forth from his lips that earnest and loving petition, "Please, dear Lord Jesus, give us another baby."

The next day "baby Frankie" was laid away beneath the cold, damp valley sods, and Eddie wept, as well he might, for the loss of that dear little brother who had been such a source of delight to their happy home; but it was not with the same degree of bitterness that had marked his grief the night before, for that same sweet hope that had come to him then was still making glad music in his heart, and that night the same fervent, hopeful petition was again breathed into the listening ear of the Father of mercies, and the next night, and every night for a whole long year, at the end of which time the faith that had never for a moment wavered during that long and weary waiting, was at last triumphant, for the dear Lord Jesus did, indeed, send another baby—a darling little dimpled thing, with the bluest and brightest eyes, and the softest and plumpest cheeks, and the tiniest hands and feet that the delighted eyes of the little brothers had ever gazed upon—a sister, too, and the very first they had ever called by that loving name. It was beautiful, it was almost holy, to witness the delight of little Eddie when he was told to go into his mamma's room and see his new baby sister.

Softly approaching the crib where the little one lay sleeping, he bent down and touched the soft, warm cheek with the tip of his finger, as if to assure himself that there was no deception about the matter, and that it was a real *bona fide* flesh and blood baby. Upon receiving the glad assurance he sprang up with his eyes sparkling like stars, and his face radiant with pleasure, and flinging his arms around his brother Willie's neck exclaimed, in an ecstasy of rapture, "O, I knew He would do it; yes, I

knew He would do it. Did n't I say God would do it, Willie? Did n't I tell you he would?" And when the tiny sleeper stirred as if about to awake, he whispered softly, "Come, let us go away, Willie, for fear we might disturb her, for she must be so very tired, you know, coming down so far, and in the night too."

I had almost forgotten to say that Willie had, too, made that loving petition the burden of his prayers for a few times, but, thinking the blessing was too long delayed, had become discouraged, and ceased asking for it long before, although urged by Eddie to persevere, as God's promises were most sure.

At his prayers that night Eddie began as usual, "Please, dear Lord Jesus, give—" but just then remembering the great joy that had that day come into their hearts and home, he checked himself, and then, with a beaming face, broke out again with, "O, I thank the good God for giving us the dear baby; and now, dear Lord Jesus, please let us keep her."

I think that the little boy's prayer in that respect is just as likely to be answered as in the other, for the last intelligence I had from the baby sister was, that she was fast growing up into a healthy, beautiful, and happy-hearted girl, to whom her brothers were devoted, and particularly Eddie, who regards her with the most tender care and affection as one to whom he has especial claims for—did he not ask the good God for her?

And now I must tell you of my introduction to little Eddie. Sitting by my side, on that pleasant vine-wreathed porch, that fair, sweet Summer day, where the mother of little Eddie was relating to me the story of her dear boy's love and faith, was my little friend Georgie, of five brief Summers, eagerly drinking in every word of the beautiful story, told as only a mother, and a Christian mother, could tell it, with quivering lip and tear-dimmed eyes.

The next morning little Georgie and I were rambling over the beautiful grounds which surrounded his father's mansion, when, turning to look, at the click of the gate, I beheld approaching us a little boy with a wonderfully sweet, pale face, and large, dark, loving-looking eyes. Just then little Georgie, who had wandered off to a distant part of the grounds, came running toward me as fast as his nimble little feet would carry him, exclaiming, all breathless with excitement, "Mrs. T., this is the little boy that kept on praying for the baby."

As I took his hand in acknowledging the introduction, I could not refrain from printing a kiss on that fair and noble brow, breathing a prayer meanwhile that that faith might be kept

strong and pure in that loving little heart through all the ills of life, until, bearing him safely over Death's dark and troubled sea, at last he should stand high on the hills of God.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

CHILDREN very often become attached to dogs as playmates and companions, and sometimes prefer enjoying their society to that of boys or girls of their acquaintance. Their pets have a good time if the master or mistress happen to be in a good humor; they are fondled, caressed, patted, and coaxed affectionately, and are not altogether forgotten when the hour comes for breakfast, dinner, or supper. But alas for poor Carlo, Watch, Fido, or Neptune, whatever the name may be, if his master loses his temper, for it is more than probable that he will suffer, and receive a kick, cuff, or a blow, or perhaps go supperless to sleep, having had no notice taken of his many affectionate demonstrations. Poor creatures! they bear it all with mute and patient silence and appealing looks, while you are comfortably eating and satisfying your own appetite, regardless of the wants of the dumb animal by your side, who wistfully watches every mouthful that is swallowed, but who never dares to evince his hunger or anger at the neglect, or ill usage; for a bark or snap, or worse yet, a bite, would banish them from the household as surly, dangerous animals, or it might be said, "That dog is sick; he is going mad." And consequently he may expect to be shot or knocked in the head, or come to some other untimely end shortly.

The story that will be related here is a true one, and we hope, if the children read or hear it, that it may be remembered, when they feel impatient and disposed to treat with harshness any dog who has never displayed any thing but kind feeling and affection toward its owner; for the following story shows that a dog can be a true and faithful friend.

A little boy named Theodore came home from boarding-school one Winter to spend his Christmas holidays. He was a bright, cheerful, affectionate fellow; all of his friends loved him dearly, his parents idolized him, and Rollo, a great, black Newfoundland dog, with white paws and one white ear, welcomed him with as much joy and delight as any one else; and though he could not speak of his affection in words, he testified it in a great many rough ways that Theodore understood and appreciated very much indeed. He jumped about his young master in a very awkward, uncouth style, but Theodore

knew what he wished to express, and hugged his shaggy head, and shook hands with his coarse paws, and never grew tired of Rollo, who followed him closely when he went out to walk, and always ran after the carriage when he was driving, and in the house would lie down at Theodore's feet, where he slept soundly until his master made a move, then Rollo would start up, stretch his great body, shake himself, and be quite willing and ready for any expedition—it seemed as if he could not bear to have his master out of sight.

One bright, clear Winter day in Christmas week Theodore brought out his skates, and sharpened them carefully, thinking he would try them on a pond not far from his house.

Rollo was at his side as usual, looking up in his face intelligently, and wagging his bushy tail as if he knew all about the expedition, and was ready to accompany his master anywhere. So when the skates were sharp enough and strapped over his shoulder, they started off together, Rollo bounding along through the woods, dashing aside the snow from the narrow path, and barking and looking back every other moment in order to see if his master was safely following.

"Theodore," said his mother before he came out, "do n't venture on the ice unless it be very safe and thick."

He promised that he would be very careful, and now when he reached the pond he looked anxiously over its treacherous white surface as it lay stretched out before him, in its icy, motionless Winter slumber.

"It looks safe enough," he thought, as he paused near the edge. Rollo wagged his tail; he stood still by his side, not daring to venture on the pond before his master.

"I'll just try the edge first, and see if it is n't safe, old fellow," said Theodore, patting Rollo's head kindly.

He unstrapped his skates, and leaving them on the bank, stepped cautiously on the ice; as it did not crack or tremble beneath his weight, he thought certainly if it could bear him there it must be thicker toward the middle.

Little dreamed he of the danger ahead. He did not know that, the day before, the men had been working there, and made an opening in the ice, over which a very thin crust was frozen, that would not stand his slight weight. He gained more confidence as he walked on at every step, when suddenly, without any warning, and before he had time to prevent it, the ice gave way, and in a moment he was struggling in the cruel dark water, which drew him rapidly under the thickest ice. In vain he

grasped and clutched the thin crust which had broken under his weight. Wherever he touched it it broke off in small pieces in his fingers, and, shivering and exhausted, the icy, deceitful current drew him under, and his body disappeared.

Rollo barked frantically; the woods echoed with his cries, but no one was in sight, no assistance came, no sound was heard but the echoing of poor Rollo's call for help. He ran round and round the dark hole where he had seen his master disappear, and then his dismal bark resounded again through the silent woods. But useless as before, no one obeyed, no one understood his distress. Rollo was the only witness of the accident.

Half an hour after, Theodore's mother heard Rollo's well-known bark; it was loud and furious, and she supposed at first that Theodore had returned with him, but when it continued, and became louder and more excited, her curiosity induced her to go to the window, and there she saw faithful Rollo without his master, but with his skates in his mouth. He held them for a moment, then dropping them he recommenced his frantic, dismal bark, telling, as plainly as it was possible for him, that some unfortunate accident had overtaken his young master.

The family were alarmed, and summoning assistance hastened to the pond, led by Rollo, who appeared overjoyed at his success, running ahead and showing them by unmistakable signs where the accident had occurred.

When they reached the pond the dark hole in the ice told its own story; the surrounding ice was quickly broken, and after much delay Theodore's body was recovered, but, alas! too late to restore his life; he had ceased to breathe, and though every means was long and at first hopefully used, they were of no avail; the spirit had fled.

If the hole made in the ice had been larger Rollo would have rescued him from this cruel death by dragging him out of the water before he left the spot to give the alarm to his friends. As it was the dog did all that he could, and could not at first understand, when the body was recovered, why his dear master could not notice and return his demonstrations of delight, as he followed the sorrowing and afflicted family home.

He appeared to comprehend the sad misfortune the next day, when he missed his playmate and companion, and the family found that he had crept softly to the door of the room where Theodore's body was lying. There he remained, stretched out in silence, refusing all food and sustenance when offered, and con-

tinuing there until he was forcibly removed, and locked up the day his young master was buried. His friends mourned and sorrowed for the bright little boy who made home cheerful, and of all his old playmates and companions, none testified greater sorrow for his loss than his faithful Rollo. He was listless and quiet for a long time afterward, and if he had known where Theodore was he perhaps would have gone to his grave and lain down there and died, for dogs have been known to do this when they have been very fond of their owners.

"Old dog Tray 's ever faithful,
Grief can not drive him away;
He is gentle, he is kind;
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray."

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

A LITTLE boy stood in the door of a dilapidated house in the suburbs of a country village. His threadbare dress was of finer texture than seemed appropriate to such a lowly dwelling, and there was an easy gracefulness in the child's manner that bespoke an early training more refined than the children of poverty usually receive.

Eight Summers only had the boy seen; but there was an unnatural thoughtfulness on his brow, and as he stood absorbed in the contemplation of a subject evidently painful, his eye gleamed with a strange light, his bosom heaved, the blue veins in his fair young brow grew swollen and rigid, and the deep flush of anger spread over those beautiful features.

"Mother," exclaimed he, turning suddenly toward a pale woman who sat busily plying her needle, "I shall run away. I can't live in this old house and be half starved, and see you work day and night—and all because my father will get drunk. Yesterday the boys got angry with me, and called me the 'son of a drunkard.' I can't bear it, mother; I will run away."

The mother gazed on her boy as he stood there with clinched fists and gleaming eye, and the hot tears rained down her cheeks, for she knew how it must be for her sensitive boy to meet the cold scorn of the world. "And leave your mother?" was her only answer. It was enough.

"I will never leave my poor mother," said the boy, as he threw himself sobbing on her bosom. "They may call names, if they will; and, mother, if we starve, we will starve together," he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper.

"We shall not starve, my son," said the

mother, kissing him fondly. "He who said, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' will take care of us. Can you trust God, my child?"

"Yes, mother—and I will never leave my dear, good mother." And the child forgot alike his anger and its cause, and with a light heart bounded away to join his playmates.

Day after day passed, and the high spirit of the boy was often chafed by the scorn and taunts of his companions. The cruelty of an inebriate father, and the wretchedness of a drunkard's home, imparted no healing balm, no soothing influence. Yet he loved his mother; for her sake he was willing to endure; and the strong restraints of her love kept him from the vices to which he was constantly and fearfully exposed.

We can not tell his heart struggles—can not tell how those aspirations to be and to do, rising, as they do, in every noble soul, did often gild his future with their radiance, only to be shrouded in darkness. Hard indeed is the heart of a drunkard. But we can tell how nobly he clung to that mother in all those years, and how honorably and successfully he fills one of the best pulpits in the land, aided in every good work by that wise, loving, and pious mother.

GO TO SLEEP EARLY.

MANY children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I can not say, certainly; but I do know that those little folks who sit up late at nights are usually nervous, weak, small, sickly. The reason you need more sleep than your parents is, because you have to grow, and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking, and working, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so that they can not sleep, rest, and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says, Susie or Georgia, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up "just a little longer." But hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A LAY SERMON TO YOUNG LADIES—DR. DIO LEWIS.—Now, ladies, I will preach to you just a little sermon, about an inch long. I do n't often preach, but in this case nothing but a sermon will do.

Firstly—You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the Continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! now is n't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of hair or bark piled on the top of her head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc. The shop windows tell us, all day long, of the paddings, whalebones, and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside rig.

In the name of the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, double and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly—With that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and vital organs, into one-half their natural size, and with that long tail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate indeed, to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament!

Thirdly—Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate, they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism! I know you giggle freely and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this does n't deceive us: we see through it all. You are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man. Why, you have become so childish and weak-minded, that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret, and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie, and Lizzie.

When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dicky, and Johnny, but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly trash if you please. I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both of my grandmothers put together, and her real name is *Catherine*, and though her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim once in four minutes, "Do n't now, you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose! My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say that most sensible men are crazy after those butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman, but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those overdressed and forward creatures, but they do n't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly—Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich; and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, they dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry, then marriage becomes the rule, and not, as now, the exception.

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.—No child, however sentimental, will love a home simply because it has the name of one. If we would have our children love it, we must make it lovely—we must give them something to love in the home.

Now if the principal ideas which a child has of his home are, that it is a place where he gets his meals

and where he sleeps; where, if he is little, he is perpetually found fault with; where he must keep quiet; where at night-fall he must sit stupidly waiting till bed-time; or, if he have grown older, he can only deem it a dreary room in which he must employ himself as best he may, while the father sits at his paper or dozes in his chair, and the mother is silently busy with her sewing or her book; if such be the aspect of home, one need not wonder that children learn to look elsewhere for pleasure, and seek to find amusement in other circles, or that home is forsaken as soon as it is possible to leave it.

It is practicable to make home so delightful that children shall have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place; it is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loved ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let the house, all day long, be the scene of pleasant looks, pleasant words, kind and affectionate acts; let the table be the happy meeting-place of a merry group, and not a dull board where a silent, if not sullen, company of animals come to feed; let the meal be the time when a cheerful laugh is heard and good things are said; let the sitting-room, at evening, be the place where a smiling company settle themselves to books or games till the round of good-night kisses are in order; let there be some music in the household, music not kept like silk and satins to show to company, but music in which father and mother, and sister and brother join; let the young companions be welcomed and made for the time a part of the group, so that daughters shall not deem it necessary to seek the obscurity of back parlors with intimate friends, or to drive father and mother to distant apartments; in a word, let the home be surrounded by an air of cozy and cheerful good-will; then children need not be exhorted to love it, you will not be able to tempt them away from it.

The ties which bind a child to home are created not so much out of great as from little things; some of them I have hinted at, and many more will suggest themselves to a wise parent. There should be a good many holidays in the home. I believe in anniversaries, and I love, by observing them, to connect time with events, and so give to both a deeper interest. The birthdays of a family should be always noticed, and, in some way, celebrated. The busy preparation of the whole household to make some present to father, or mother, or sister, or brother on a birthday or holiday; the many plannings, the workings in by-corners and at odd times; the bundling of work out of sight as the step of the favored one is heard; the careful stowing of gifts away till the appointed time; and then, when the looked-for day has come, the presentations, the confused and merry voices, the filled eye, the choked voice, the heart too full to speak in words, memory touched as with an angel's hand, love that can only look its thanks—all these! who can tell their sweet and mighty power? A home familiar to such scenes, will it, can it be one that children shall not love? No, no, from it, when the inexorable time comes to go away, daughters shall pass with sobs of sorrow, and sons with pressed

lips and swimming eyes, and while mother lives it will be a home still, home, though years have gone and other homes have claimed them.—*Aikman's Life at Home.*

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—Many of the most promising children are sacrificed to a desire to bring them forward in advance of other children, and this desire is stimulated by natural instincts. Every living creature rejoices in the use of the faculties which God has given it, "as a strong man to run a race." The boy whose muscles are well developed will never keep still, but is ready for any thing, good or bad, in which he can stir himself. To such a one study is a punishment.

But the boy whose muscles are feeble, and whose brain is largely developed, sits still and reads, and the appetite of course conforms to the kind and amount of exercise. If he wastes his muscles by exercise, his appetite will demand the muscle-making nitrates to supply the waste. If he exhausts the phosphorus of the brain by study, he will desire phosphatic food to restore it. While the fat and stupid boy, who has neither muscles nor brain, will crave carbonaceous articles to feed his stupidity; and indulgence in these appetites will of course increase the peculiarity.

I have seen the little kingbird, after an hour of extraordinary exertions in driving from the neighborhood an intruding hawk, devote the next hour to catching and eating bees and hornets, which abound both in nitrates and phosphates, as a means of restoring his muscular and vital energy. The bird is safe in following his inclinations; living as it does according to natural laws, and having no abnormal development of faculties, and no abnormal appetites, it can eat what it desires, and as much, with perfect impunity.

But the child, changed in its condition as it may be by the ignorance and folly of its parents, even before its birth, is abnormally developed, and of course has abnormal appetites.

Indulging these appetites in case of precocity of the brain of course increases the excitement of the brain, and the result is inflammation and premature death.

A child with a precocious brain, or who is very forward, to use the common expression, is of course more liable to dangerous diseases of the brain than other children; but if parents would give the subject thought, and use their reason in this, as in other less important matters, these diseases might generally be warded off.

If our eyes have been overworked, or are weak and liable to inflammation, we avoid over-using them, especially in too strong light; and if so inflamed that the light, and all use of them gives pain, we shut out the light altogether, and give them rest till they recover. Both light and seeing are pleasant to the eyes in health, and absolutely necessary to give them health and strength, but when diseased, are both alike injurious, and we avoid the influence of both till they recover. And when only weak, and

not absolutely diseased, we are careful to have the light, or use the eye only moderately and carefully. So of any other organ or faculty, that which is necessary to it in health, must be carefully used in tendency to disease, and abstained from in actual disease.

Apply this principle to a precocious brain. The brain is as dependent on appropriate exercise, and a supply of phosphorus in health, as is the eye on exercise and light; and as we withdraw the exercise and light from the eye in weakness and disease, so should we allow the brain to rest from exercise and phosphatic food in case of disease or premature development.

NO HOUSEHOLD GOD.—A little boy three years old, whose father was irreligious, spent several months in the dwelling of a godly family, where he was taught the simple elements of divine truth.

The good seed fell into good and tender soil, and the child learned to note the difference between a prayerless and Christian dwelling. One day, as some one was conversing with the little fellow about the great and good God, the child said, "We have n't got any God at my papa's house."

Alas! how many such houses there are in our world—houses where there is no prayer, no praise, no worship, no God! And what homes are they for children; ay, and for men and women too! How much better is the pure atmosphere of Christian love than the cold, selfish worldliness of a godless home!

Said an ungodly man, "I never was so near heaven, and probably never shall be again, as when I spent a day in the house of Ebenezer Brown"—a godly Scotchman, who guided his household in the fear of the Lord.

Would that there were more such homes, the memory of which might shed a holy savor over many a wanderer's heart, and lead the sad and lonely sons of sorrow and of tears to look forward to the gladness of the eternal gathering beyond the toils and tears, and trials of this weary pilgrimage.

To such homes the weary come for rest, and the troubled for consolation. The Son of Peace is there. Blessed be such homes! and may ours ever be of this number!—*British Workman*.

TACT.—Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is tact. Tact is nimble footed and quick fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore-tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curious-fashioned keys which can turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for, being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with all familiarity of friendship; tact—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying

tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that she has not been touched at all.

SMALL TALK.—Of all the expedients to make a heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how continue existence in such famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think "it's high time, if John intends to marry Lucy, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*E. P. Whipple*.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore may, live above labor and without work. Among the most pitiful objects in society is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education—who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to nothing, and, of course, to be nothing, with no influence over the public mind—with no interest in the concerns of his country or even his neighborhood—to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift and with no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go in hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live, that with the Christian poet you may truthfully say, that

"If your country stand not by your skill,
At least your follies have not wrought her fall."

ALONE WITH GOD.—There is a sublimity in silence and solitude. Alone! How still the air! The city sleeps in silence. No voice, no footstep, nothing but the whispers of the night. How still it is! The stars wink at each other, but utter no words. The moon travels on her course, but is silent. Night! How grand the scene! My soul thrills as I contemplate. The world is hushed and I am alone—alone with God!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

ROUND THE WORLD: *A Series of Letters.* By Calvin Kingsley, D. D. Vol. I. *Europe and America.* Vol. II. *Japan and India.* 16mo. Pp. 344, 325. \$2.50. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

It was not permitted to Bishop Kingsley quite to complete his continuous voyage around the world; yet by his previous visit to Europe he almost touched the point from the west where he fell in his progress from the east, so that the letters which are embraced in these volumes are fully entitled to the name given them—"Round the World." In the year 1867 he visited Europe and wrote most interesting letters; commencing with these the subsequent letters trace his route round the world westwardly, first to Colorado, then to Oregon and California by the great Pacific Railroad, and by steamer across the ocean to Japan, China, and India. His last voyage, contemplating the entire circuit of the world, was the grandest ecclesiastical movement we have ever had in the history of the Church; even Rome herself has never sent a bishop on a tour of missionary and episcopal visitation round the world. As we can only see it in our human vision it was a sad calamity to the Church that the Bishop was not permitted to reach home, and bring with him the stores of information he had gathered. He was a minute and careful observer, and we may be sure was prepared to present to the Church wise and far-reaching plans for the future. But the All-wise has ordered differently, and nothing is left us but these letters. A noble legacy they are indeed, and the Church will prize them all the more highly from being the last words of information, counsel, and exhortation coming to her from one who dearly loved her, and who counted not his life dear unto him that he might serve her.

The Letters are in themselves all that could be desired. It will not be to their disadvantage that they have already appeared in our Advocates; their worth and interest will make them perpetual in their claim upon the Church. The Bishop was peculiarly happy as a letter-writer. He was many-sided, and saw and felt much more than many other men would see in the same circumstances. He was sensitive to every thing human, and his attention was at once attracted by both the serious and the ludicrous sides of human nature. He was a lover of nature, and his quick eye took in at a glance what the world about him had to show. Hence his letters abound in minute and careful observations both of places and people. The characteristics and natural resources, the climate and productions, the beasts and birds of the countries which he visited, the condition and prospects of their population, their arts and manufactures, their domestic animals, their styles of architecture, their habits of living, their peculiar

civilization, their religions and modes of worship, all claimed his interest and furnished material for his facile pen. But above all these, the whole heart of the Bishop was alive to the great missionary work which he went to study, and the greatest interest of these letters is their broad appreciation and earnest statements of the wants and demands of this great enterprise. In this respect we again say, that these letters, with the Essays of Bishop Thomson, are an invaluable acquisition to the Church. Both the works should find their way into every Methodist household and Sunday-school. The first volume contains an excellent steel portrait and a complete biographical sketch of the Bishop.

LIFE, LETTERS, LECTURES, AND ADDRESSES OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A. *Complete in One Volume.* 12mo. Pp. 840. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A month ago we noticed the issue in the same compact, neat, and cheap form of Robertson's Sermons, and took occasion rather to estimate the man than the Sermons. But here is the man himself, depicted chiefly in his own letters. It has been largely studied and will continue to be. Robertson was far removed from an ordinary man, and his life, especially the unfolding of his inner life, will long continue to be a subject of deeply interesting study, rendered all the more interesting from its development through the medium of his own letters. He was a typical man, appearing in the midst of a transitional era in English religious thought. This movement of thought touched his sensitive nature on many sides, and he was inevitably drawn into the current. He drifted from his moorings and floated in various directions, but from the fact that he dragged his anchors instead of wholly cutting loose from them, he did not reach either of the extreme points of the various currents that were moving him. He did not become either an Evangelical or a High-Churchman; he did not end either in Liberalism or Catholicism. The stronger tendency in Robertson's drifting was toward Liberalism, but he was saved by his firm and constant adhesion to the historical reality of the whole life of Christ. The childhood, the temptation, the daily life, the miracles, the death, and the resurrection of Christ, he steadily clung to as the foundation of all spiritual life. Hence he was free from the so-called "negative theology." From this also he was saved by his own earnest and positive nature. He could not rest in denials; he must have something positive for his faith, and yet he was destined to win his faith by a painful journey through the paths of doubt. But still he was too much of a Liberal to be an Evangelical. Therefore he belongs to no school. The

Liberal will follow him as far as he goes, but soon reaches a point at which he must either leave Robertson behind or accept at least a positive faith in the historical verity of Christianity. The study of this struggling, earnest, honest, but still doubting and inquiring life, we repeat, will always have a charm for the thoughtful reader. It will always have its dangers too. Not all who launch out into the current of Liberalism are able to carry with them the intense conscientiousness of Robertson, and stop where he stopped with fast hold on the great facts of Christ's person and Christ's life. The two volumes are uniform, and make together a very neat and remarkably cheap edition of all that is left of the sayings and writings of this remarkable man.

THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN: Advice to the Maiden, Wife, and Mother. By Geo. H. Napheys, A. M., M. D. 12mo. Pp. 322. New York: Geo. Maclean. Cincinnati: E. Hannaford & Co.

In this country, where we are strangely squeamish about some things and culpably immodest about others, it is a delicate matter to notice a volume treating of the subjects of this book; how much more to write the book itself! Yet Dr. Napheys has done it, and in a most successful and delicate, nay, even elegant manner. There is nothing in the whole volume that could offend the most delicate sense of modesty, and nothing but a prudish squeamishness can object to its extensive circulation. In fact we need just such a book. The wonder is that such a work has not been given to the public long ago. This is not one of the catchpenny volumes, advertised so extensively in the papers and "sent by mail for a few postage stamps;" it is a thorough and scientific discussion of the physical life of woman, giving the most exact information and the latest facts of hygiene and physiology as they bear on the life and health of woman. Though thoroughly scientific in its matter, it is popular in its style, being written for the people. After the appearance of such a book there can be no longer any excuse for the lamentable ignorance which prevails among women in regard to their own physical nature, and as a consequence of which they are constantly placed in peril of disease and death. Of course the work is not for the parlor table but for private study, yet not a prudent or indelicate thought is found in the book. We have thus noticed this volume because we believe it to be a very much needed work, and are convinced that it will not only prove itself to be a valuable counselor to the prudent, virtuous, but uninformed, but will do great good in preventing many of those disorders now so rife in the community, which, in many instances at least, are the result of ignorance of the ordinary laws of female hygiene.

MATERNITY: A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers. By Tullio Suzzaro Verdi, A. M., M. D. 12mo. Pp. 451. \$2.25. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

As its title implies, this volume is to some extent in the line of the one previously noticed, but is more

particularly addressed to mothers, and treats of the diseases incident to maternity, and of the care of children, etc. It is written from the homeopathic stand-point, and will commend itself to the friends of that system. We are incapable of judging of its modes of treatment, but can heartily recommend it in its hygienic, physiological, and pathological relations. It also is written in a popular style, and can be easily understood by the mothers who will read it.

A DANISH ROMANCE. By Hans Christian Andersen. 12mo. Pp. 280. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

This is a continuation of the edition of Andersen's works which the publishers are now giving to the public. The style and general subjects of Andersen are well known to those who desire to read his books.

A PAINTER'S CAMP. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Book I: In England. Book II: In Scotland. Book III: In France. 16mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is an artist's poem. It has, indeed, neither rhyme nor measure, but it is full of the music of words which cadence themselves while they unfold the most charming pictures of English moorlands, of mossy islands sleeping in the shadows of the rocky highlands of Scotland, and of the sunny plains of France. Under its guidance we are taken over the Lancashire moors, and shown their aspects on wild, wet Autumn days, and under glorious Summer skies. It was from these moors that Charlotte Bronte painted, when she described the wanderings of Jane Eyre in search of shelter. Here are the straight, gray lines of stone wall, mile upon mile, and the dreary, undulating range of hills, swell upon swell, and, on any "still, hot, perfect day," the dry, ghostly rustle of tall grasses, and the livid glow of burnt heath blooms.

The painter remained on the moors for weeks, in a fairy and tiny movable house of his own inventing, with plate-glass windows, through which he could pursue his studies in stormy weather; with its snow-white walls of delicate wood-paneling; its silk curtains of emerald hue, and green canopy; its dark, rich carpet, and small, choice engravings; its swinging hammock to sleep in, and its spirit-lamp to cook by. True, a bustling housewife might call the cooking atrocious, but what of that? One can afford to live on the veal cutlets, though the salt is forgotten, if they are but eaten on the wide, sunny, beautiful moors, and can admire with the painter "the finest purple of the heather, the infinite variety of color, in Autumn half hidden under the blasted stems."

From Lancashire the artist takes us to dwell in Summer on a green island in a Scotch loch, or to take long drives in dim, picturesque glens. From Loch Awe and Glen Coe, and from castles standing in the moonlight, we are spirited to the vicinity of "A Little French City," where the painting camp is erected on a narrow ledge of rock commanding a lovely landscape. Afterward we sojourn on a Burgundy upland, which fell into the artist's possession—

one of "The Slopes of Gold" in "a land of wine." This home was on the heights of the Côte d'Or, and overlooked the plain which rolls on to the Jura. Finally Mr. Hamerton establishes himself in a country house on a farm in the basin of Autun. Within easy reach are the French highlands—the Morvan, a very romantic region—broken, woody, and healthful. The smiling plains at their feet are dotted with "magnificent trees," and intersected with streams making ceaseless melody through the long, beautiful Summers. He who can not pass a delightful day in "The Painter's Camp" does not, it seems to us, deserve to be happy.

HUNGERING AND THIRSTING. 16mo. Pp. 111. THE CHILD MARTYRS, AND EARLY CHRISTIANS OF ROME. 16mo. Pp. 266. NO CROSS, NO CROWN. By C. E. K. Davis. 16mo. Pp. 154.

These excellent books are from the press of Henry Hoyt, Boston, and are for sale by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati. They are all good for the family and the Sunday-school.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND. *A Box of Four Volumes. The Fourth of July in New England. Red-Letter Days in Old England and New England. Joy Days on Both Sides of the Water. Festal and Floral Days.*

New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Our young readers will understand the nature and value of these little books from the titles which they bear.

LIBRARY FOR LITTLE LADS AND LASSES. *A Box of Five Volumes. Stories About the Little Ones. More Stories About the Little Ones. The Fisher Boy's Secret. Archie and his Sister. Archie and Nep.* New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are neat little volumes adapted to still younger readers than the previous ones.

BESSIE ON HER TRAVELS. By Johanna H. Matthews. 16mo. Pp. 376. \$1.25. FLOWERETS. *A Series of Stories on the Commandments. I. Violet's Idol. II. Daisy's Work. III. Rose's Temptation. IV. Lily's Lesson.* By Johanna H. Matthews. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

NOVELS.—*Man and Wife, Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Contarini Fleming, D'Israeli; Silvia, Julia Kavanagh; Miriam Alroy, D'Israeli; Bessie Langton, Hawley Smart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A NEW DEFINITION OF INFALLIBILITY.—Archbishop Purcell was well known to be antagonistic to the declaration of Papal Infallibility, both before and during the late Ecumenical Council. He delivered one of the ablest arguments against the doctrine uttered before the Council. On his return to Cincinnati he was desired to lecture and state his present views and the present status of the doctrine in its relation to good Catholics. The Archbishop consented, and gave a very interesting but, in some respects, unique address before a large audience. The speaker informs us that the Pope was never present in the Council; that he did not preside at all; that he did not control the views or the discourses of the members; the Council was presided over by five Cardinals; the speakers were at liberty to speak as long as they thought necessary. The Council was composed of 979 Bishops and Generals of religious orders and bodies. There were eleven Patriarchs and fifty-one Cardinals. These members represented all kingdoms, and States, and territories.

The Archbishop's first utterance before the Council was on the schema on Civil Government. Unfortunately, before the time came for the Archbishop's speech, the entire order of the proceeding was changed, and he was obliged simply to write out his discourse and file a copy in the archives of the Council. He gave in his address a synopsis of the

speech. The Archbishop is either a thorough republican or a most consummate Jesuit. We believe he is the former, and that he is a sincere lover of our American Government; neither his judgment nor his desires will ever lead him into destructive relations toward American republicanism; if he is ever found in that attitude, it will be because he holds, as every good Catholic must, the supremacy of his allegiance to the Roman head of the Church. We welcome the following words as the utterances of a sincerely honest man: "I took occasion to show," said the Archbishop, "that ours is, I believe, the best form of human government; that the source of power is placed by God in the people; that kings rule for their benefit, and that the people were not created for the benefit of kings; that the Church of God has no need of kingly patronage or protection; that for the first three hundred years of her history she managed to prosper and arrive at spiritual supremacy without the aid of kings, and in despite of them; that while she was persecuted, she thrived and prospered, and that the blood of martyrs has everywhere been the seed of the Church. I believe it would have been a happy thing for the Church if kings had never pretended to be her nursing fathers. I spoke then of America; that our civil constitution gave perfect liberty to every denomination of Christians, that it looked with equal favor on them all,

and that I verily believed this better for the Catholic religion than if she was the object of the State's special patronage and protection. All we want is a free field and no favor. Truth is mighty and will prevail, and we are here, side by side, with every sect and denomination of Christians among us; it is for the people to judge which of us is right, which of us teaches that which is most conformable to the Holy Scriptures, and then, if they approve our religion, let them embrace it, and if not, reject it. I believe this to be the best theory, and I illustrated what I said by contrasting the condition of Catholics in all the nations of Europe with the condition of the American Catholics. I showed that in Spain the Catholic religion is persecuted, that in Portugal the Catholic religion is persecuted, and even the Sisters of Charity driven out of it; that in Italy, monks, and Sisters, and religious people were pitilessly driven away from their homes, that the monastery of Monte Casino, the home of science, for which a voice was raised even in the British Parliament—why, I had even seen that destroyed by a nominally Catholic fiend. I showed all these contrasts."

But, while we rejoice to find the Archbishop so good an American, we are more interested just now in his statement of the doctrine of Infallibility. Evidently in his personal convictions he is as much opposed to the doctrine as ever, and while as a good Catholic he declares his adhesion to the voice of the Church as pronounced by the Council, he can even then only make it sit easy upon his faith by throwing around it limitations which render it a nullity. As defined by the Archbishop it is in no sense retroactive; the doctrine gives no approbation to the utterances of some forty popes given in the list of Bellarmine who taught what are now regarded as erroneous doctrines; it confers no infallibility on the acknowledged mistakes of a Honorius, or of a Nicholas I, or of John XXII; the doctrine gives no indorsement to the claims of Boniface VIII, who said, "Two swords are given me by God, the spiritual and the temporal." The Archbishop says, "I sought in the Dominican library of the Minerva in Rome to refresh my memory, and to see on what grounds they claimed the right of controlling temporal affairs, of deposing Henry VIII, or Elizabeth, or any other temporal prince, and absolving their vassals from their oath of allegiance, if their sovereigns did not respect the act of excommunication by the Church. I could not find any text of authority for that in the Bible; hence I wanted the Council to say whether they asserted a right of that kind, or assumed it as a right; and the entire Council with one voice cried out, 'Those Popes had no authority, no commission from God to pretend to any such power.'"

Thus evading the difficulties and absurdities which would press upon the doctrine from the dark records of the past, the Archbishop also throws over it a happy salvo for the apprehensions that might arise from it for the future. "The question was also raised," says the Bishop, "What is to be done with the Pope if he becomes a heretic? It was answered:

There has never been such an example; in such a case the Council of Bishops could depose him for heresy, for from the moment he becomes a heretic he is not at the head or even a member of the Church. The Church would not be for a moment obliged to listen to him when he begins to teach a doctrine the Church knows to be false doctrine, and he would cease to be Pope, being deposed by God himself. If the Pope, for instance, were to say that the belief in God is false, you would not be obliged to believe him; or if he were to deny the rest of the creed, 'I believe in Christ,' etc. If he denies any dogma of the Church held by every true believer, he is no more Pope than either you or I, and so in this respect this dogma of Infallibility amounts to nothing as an article of temporal government or cover for heresy."

Here, then, we have it in a nutshell as the Archbishop's Catholic heart adjusts it to the Archbishop's clear head; it accepts no odium for the blunders of the past, and is itself a nullity when the Pope should make a mistake! That is, the Popes of the past were not infallible when they blundered; the present and all future Popes will only be infallible when they utter infallible truth! We can easily see how the Archbishop can heartily accept the doctrine thus defined; we would very promptly concede that kind of infallibility to the Archbishop himself. But such is not the doctrine defined by the Council; that declaration places the Pope under divine guidance so that he can not err, and that whatever doctrine he declares as Pope is to be accepted as the doctrine of the Church; it covers the past, the present, and the future; it declares a principle, not merely a personal attribute; it makes a Pope, all Popes, infallible because under a perpetual infallible guidance; it therefore can not limit itself in the manner described by the Archbishop; it makes infallible both the Pope who denounced his predecessor for heresy, and the Pope denounced for heresy; it makes infallible all their acts of supremacy over the civil authority, in deposing kings, releasing subjects from their allegiance, transferring dominion from one prince to another, and apportioning the uncivilized parts of the earth among the faithful sons of the Church. We know it is a hard doctrine for wise and honest minds to receive, and can well understand that in no other form than the distorted one in which he presents it could such men as Archbishop Purcell accept it. For the sake of peace we are willing that that class of minds in the Catholic Church, and it is a large class, shall be allowed to prepare the doctrine to suit their own digestion.

DEATH'S DOINGS.—Death still continues his sad work on prominent and valuable members of our Church. Since our last eloquent Sewall, of Baltimore, has gone to his rest. In this we were not surprised, as his health had been failing for many months. He was a burning and a shining light. From the ranks of our noble laymen has fallen Hon. G. T. Cobb, of New Jersey, called away in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, by the rail-

road disaster which occurred near White Sulphur Springs on Saturday, August 6th. He was for many years a member of the Missionary Board, being an earnest and devoted friend of this great enterprise. He led the way in originating our missions among the Scandinavians. He was a member of Congress during the war, and showed himself a sterling patriot. At the time of his death he was a member of the New Jersey Senate. The crowning act of his life was the part he took in the completion of a church edifice of surpassing beauty and convenience, with provision for his much-loved Sunday-school, in Morristown, New Jersey, the place of his birth and the residence of his family.

HONORARY DEGREES.—The College Commencements are all over for this year. The annual crop of D. D.'s, LL. D.'s, and Ph. D.'s has been gathered, amounting to, as one editor says, sixty D. D.'s, forty LL. D.'s, and of Ph. D.'s a smaller yield. This annual harvest furnishes a temptation to a certain class to talk against such honors, and against the declared custom of bestowing them upon unworthy subjects; some, perhaps, because the semi-lunar fardels grow on high trees, and are hard to shake down; some because such distinctions are regarded as unscriptural, and others for other reasons. A cotemporary says: "We do not wonder that scholars in England decline honors tendered them by our literary institutions. They are too cheap." How many decline? Not one in twenty upon whom they are conferred. And the proportion in our own country is as great. It is not uncommon for foreigners to apply to our colleges for degrees, while such a step is regarded as a disgrace in this country.

DRUNKARD'S REFORMATORY.—Mr. J. S. Mill proposes to give the magistrates power to commit an habitual drunkard to the reformatory ward of the work-house, or to a reformatory to be established expressly for this purpose, and that the period of detention should endure until the person so confined could procure a medical certificate to show that he had obtained control over himself, or until his disease took the form, as it frequently did, of hopeless imbecility. He further proposes that the reformatories to be established for the reception of drunkards should be self-supporting, and that in the event of a cure being effected the individual on his discharge should receive all he had earned above the bare sum expended for his maintenance, in order that he should have the means of obtaining a new start in life.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, whose unfortunate nomination to the Crown of Spain has provoked such disastrous hostilities between France and Prussia, is said to be an amiable, unassuming man, without the slightest pride of race. He and his brothers, Charles and Antony, were brought up very strictly by their father. They chose the military career. Leopold has risen to the rank of colonel in the Prussian regiment of Guards, but he never showed much liking for the army. His great hobby is science, and his philosophical and historical studies at Dusseldorf, Berlin,

and Potsdam so absorbed his attention that he abstained almost entirely from the diversions and pleasures of his comrades. He has always been very popular with his subordinates on account of his considerate and unassuming disposition; and though extremely gallant to ladies, he has never been so attached to any one as to his mother. The great wealth of their father enables the princes to satisfy every wish, notwithstanding which they live in the simplest manner. Prince Leopold, like his father, is a Liberal in politics.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHARACTER AND POLICY.—

It is not often we find in history so vivid a characterization as the following estimate of the character and policy of Elizabeth as drawn by the historian Froude:

"Without family ties, with no near relations, and without friends, save such as were loyal to her for their country's sake rather than their own, Elizabeth concealed the dreariness of her life from herself in the society of these human playthings who flattered her faults and humored her caprices. She was the more thrown upon them because in her views of government she stood equally alone, and among abler men scarcely found one to sympathize with her. She appears in history the champion of the Reformation, the first Protestant sovereign of Europe, but it was a position into which she was driven in spite of herself, and when she found herself there it brought her neither pride nor pleasure. In her birth she was the symbol of the revolt from the Papacy. She could not reconcile herself with Rome without condemning the marriage from which she sprung; but her interest in Protestantism was limited to political independence. She mocked at Cecil and 'his brothers in Christ.' She affected an interest in the new doctrines, only when the Scots or the Dutch were necessary to her, or when religion could serve as an excuse to escape an unwelcome marriage. When the Spanish ambassador complained of the persecution of Catholics, she answered that no Catholic had suffered any thing who acknowledged her as his lawful sovereign, and that in spiritual matters she believed as they did. Fanatics, Puritan or Papist, she despised with Erastian heartiness. Under her brother and sister she had witnessed the alternate fruits of the supremacy of the two theological factions. She was determined to hold them both under the law, which to her had more true religion in it than cart-loads of creeds and articles. Puritanism drew its strength from the people. The Popish priests were a regiment of the Bishop of Rome. She would permit no authority in England which did not center in herself. The Church should be a department of the State, organized by Parliament, and ruled by the national tribunals. The moderates of both parties could meet and worship under its ambiguous formulas. There should be no conventicles and no chapels to be nurseries of sedition. Zealots who could not be satisfied might pay a fine for their precision, and have their sermons or their sacraments at home."



A CLIMBER OF THE ALEUTIAN PENINSULA NEAR OYUK-YAKA
ENGRAVED FOR THE LANSKY REPOGRAPHIC INSTITUTION FROM THE LANSKY

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